

IMPROVEMENT ERA



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MARCH, 1926

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCI-
ATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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Half a century, dear, today,
Half a century on our way,
We've walked together, and lived the life
Ordained by Heav'n for man and wife,
As hand in hand our life should be,
I with you and you with me!

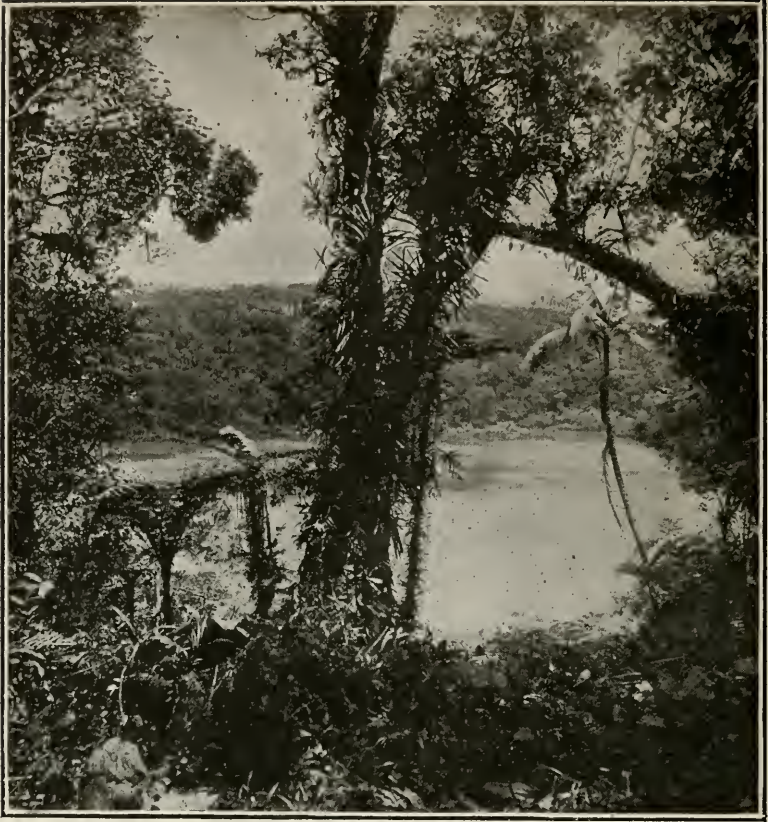
Proving that hearts in one may blend,
This is our union without an end;
While up the hills and down the vales
We've gone with courage that never fails,
And treaded the paths of destiny,
I with you and you with me!

Children we loved have blessed our home,
Going thence in their fields to roam.
Children's children have brought in view
The song and laughter of life anew,
And love blends all in our memory,
I with you and you with me!

So shall our future its way still ope
Blending our lives in our faith and hope,
As our ideals shall make us one
E'en when this earthly life is done
And on forever our course shall be,
I with you and you with me!

Albuquerque, N. M.

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND



LANUTOO, A WONDER SPOT IN SAMOA

An extinct volcanic crater, once the scene of a veritable hades of fire, molten rock and suffocating gases of immeasurable heat. This mirror-like sheet of water, with surrounding vegetation, is unsurpassed for beauty and picturesqueness.

From the rim of the crater, we behold the distant blue strip of ocean at the horizon, and a verdure-clad mountain slope of perhaps five miles in extent, on the lower shelf of which nestles picturesque little Apia (Samoa). Just to the rear looms up the lone, sentinel-like mountain on the crest of which rest the remains of Robert Louis Stevenson. Farther up the irregular coast line are several native villages in succession.

The crater is much like a large, perfectly formed bowl, without a break in its perpendicular sides which are studded to the water's edge with tropical vegetation. The lake is perhaps a quarter of a mile in diameter and of so great a depth that it shows up in a most delicate tint of green approaching a shade of blue. Being above the cloud line, a soft, hazy enveloping fog is often seen, stealing over the rim and rolling down over the interior like an irresistible, noiseless spectre. Ever and anon bright rifts break through the mist and an unnatural sunlight pierces the great, natural vault, where death-like stillness reigns save only for the chatter of a few happy birds.

Native tradition has it that the water is a sacred trust, guarded jealously by an ever alert, unseen something, and that the slightest desecration of the place is accepted as a challenge, and the guardian force immediately releases volumes of vapor to screen its beautiful countenance from the gaze of the sacrilegious.—JOHN Q. ADAMS.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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No. 5

ORATORY, POESY AND PROPHECY

BY ORSON F. WHITNEY

I.

In selecting for my present purpose the triple theme of oratory, poesy and prophecy, I am not unmindful of the fact that any one of these subjects is capable of almost infinite elaboration, and would of itself suffice for a long and interesting treatise. I combine them because I believe them to be related—three God-given graces which, like charity, hope and faith, have a perfect right to go hand in hand. To point out this relationship, rather than to deal with any theme exhaustively, constitutes my present purpose.

That the gift of oratory is poetic, and the gift of poesy prophetic, I need not inform anyone who has given the matter more than superficial consideration. Moreover, not only poets, but orators are sometimes prophets; and prophets are or may be both poets and orators.

Oratory is the offspring of poesy, bearing the same relation to it as the child does to the parent, as sound does to silence, as speech to thought, as expression to imagination. Poesy is creation; oratory, manifestation. Consequently, oratory is less than poesy, as the thing created must always be less than the power that creates it. Poesy is the creator of oratory. "We are born poets, we make ourselves orators," says Cicero. This being true—and it was one of the greatest orators who said it,—there can be no question as to which is the greater, that which is "born," God-created, or that which man has "made."

This is not to say that some orators are not greater than some poets. It is between the gifts of poesy and oratory that the parallel is being drawn. An orator of the first class may be superior to a poet of the second class, but speaking in the abstract and without reference to individual cases, the sphere of the poet is above the sphere of the orator.

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As a matter of course, one must first understand what poesy means, and what oratory means, in order to appreciate this distinction. Not to those who judge after the seeing of the eye and the hearing of the ear, is it given to comprehend such a question. Worshipers of sound and show, who know naught of "that within which passeth show;" who recognize God in the earthquake and the whirlwind, rather than in "the still small voice"—not to such is oratory less than poesy. "The applause of listening senates to command," to be praised and appreciated in the present, is so much greater to the ordinary mind than to endure lifelong poverty and obscurity, neglected and depreciated while living, extolled and honored only when dead—the frequent fate of poets and prophets in the past—that it seems impossible to such that poesy or even prophecy can be equal, let alone superior, to oratory.

Poesy, I say, is the creator of oratory, a fact shown in part by the meaning of the two terms. Poesy springs from a Greek word meaning "to make;" oratory, from a Latin word signifying "to speak." Hence, as Dryden observes, "a poet is a maker * * * and he who cannot make, that is, invent, hath his name for nothing."

But the orator "makes speeches," some will say. Is he not therefore a maker? and must he not be "born" just as much as the poet? and must not the poet be "made" quite as much as the orator? These questions bring us face to face with the whole problem whose solution I am attempting. I will endeavor to answer. But bear in mind what I have already sought to emphasize, that it is of powers and functions that I am speaking, independently of persons who may possess and exercise any or all of them.

To begin then: Is the orator in the strictest sense of the term a speech-maker? I answer, No. The orator does not make the speech—it is the poet or thinker within him that does that. The orator speaks the speech after the poet has made it. The orator "makes a speech" as the traveler "makes a journey," over a road already constructed, or as the actor "makes a part," creates a role, which has been written for him by another. True, the traveler may make a journey over a road constructed by himself; and the actor, if a playwright, may give the original portrayal of a character which his own pen, his own mind has created. The case is just the same with the orator; he and the poet may be the same person, one individual possessing two powers and exercising two functions. It is the poetic part of him that thinks, invents or "makes," for that is the meaning of poesy; it is the oratorical part that "speaks," gives oral utterance to the thought inwardly created, for that is the meaning of oratory.

All men who think are, therefore, poetic to some extent. They may use either pen or tongue to express their thoughts; but whether those thoughts are set forth in a poem or in a speech, it is the poet or thinker, not the writer or speaker, who is the author of them.

"We are all poets," says Carlyle, "when we read a poem well. The imagination that shudders at the hell of Dante, is not that the same faculty, weaker in degree, as Dante's own?"

Still, imagination must be wedded to expression, in order that thought may be born. As it requires the art of the printer and illustrator to properly present or render attractive the ideas embodied in a poem, so it requires the powers and graces of elocution, of facial expression and gesture, to fully interpret to and impress upon the mind the ideas embodied in an oration. Elocution is another name for oratory; for elocution means the power of expressing thought by speech and gesture, and that is virtually the meaning of oratory.

Some might say that one point of difference between them is, that oratory presupposes originality, the orator voicing his own thought, while the elocutionist or actor expresses the thoughts of others. It is true that the actor or elocutionist, in the exercise of his profession, generally utilizes the thoughts of others; but it is also true that some orators and some writers do precisely the same thing.

The reader has heard, perhaps, of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's famous reply to an opponent in Parliament: "The gentleman has said much that is good, and much that is original; but that which was original was not good, and that which was good was not original."

There is no greatness without originality. "He is great," says Emerson, "who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others." That is, by servile imitation. Nevertheless there have been great orators who were not altogether original. "The secret of oratory," says George Eliot, "lies not in saying new things, but in saying things with a certain power that moves the hearer."

But noise is not power, nor is emphasis the shouting out of every other word in tones "to split the ears of the groundlings."

— "None emphatic can that speaker call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on all."

No, loudness is not logic, and though necessary at times in order to drive home an argument, it is no substitute for argument, and can easily be overdone.

A word of counsel to those who would become orators: Beware of affectation. Do not put on what you cannot honestly wear. Don't try to be eloquent. No man was ever truly eloquent when he tried to be. No speaker ever convinced his hearers by a display of emotion that was not genuine. Express what you feel, but don't allow your feelings too much latitude. Don't pound the pulpit. It adds nothing to your force of delivery. Shake off mannerisms, but above all be natural—be yourself. Don't copy the errors of those whom you have taken as models. Their mistakes are not worth perpetuating. If they were great, it is not because of such things, but in spite of them. Their admirers have something to forgive.

Lord Chatham was a great orator, but his oratory had faults.

It was more or less theatrical. Carried into Parliament on a litter, and supporting himself with crutches while speaking, as he warmed to his theme he seemingly forgot that he was lame, and flung his crutches aside, creating a tremendous sensation. But no man could do that now. He would be laughed at, deservedly.

Another great orator, also an Englishman, made himself ridiculous by punctuating an impassioned period with a dagger, thrown upon the floor of the House of Commons; an anachronism that might have passed muster in the days of Demosthenes, but which even the sham-loving Eighteenth Century could not tolerate.

Speaking of things theatrical, note how the style of acting has changed in the past fifty or sixty years. How stilted and unnatural it was, both in act and in utterance. Now all is changed. The Spirit of Truth, pouring into the world at the opening of this Gospel dispensation, has reasserted itself, has made or is making "all things new." Today is recognized, perhaps as never before, the truth of the saying: "The perfection of art"—especially dramatic art—"is the highest imitation of nature."

While oratory is not acting—is not imitation, yet the orator can profit by the experience and by some of the methods of the actor. A minister inquired of one: "Why is it that words spoken from the stage are so much more impressive than those uttered from the pulpit? What is the secret of your success?" The actor replied: "We dare to pause."

There's a great deal in that. Pausing is as necessary in speaking, as punctuation is in writing. If you doubt it, mark the difference between the speaker who, upon arising, waits a moment with his eye fixed on the audience before beginning, and the one who starts to speak immediately upon taking the stand. The one invites attention; the other indifference. The use of cadences—the rise and fall of the voice—and the avoidance of monotonous droning, is another point worth considering.

The truly great orator is a man of burning earnestness, intent upon his matter more than his manner, which, cultivated, will take care of itself. He does not fish for applause, nor pose for dramatic effect. He is a despiser of vain show and cheap heroics, which appeal to the shallow, but never to the profound.

How much buncombe and bombast was there in the divine Author of that divinest of all orations, The Sermon on the Mount? The world, with all its thundering declamation, its pompous posing and theatrical ostentation, has never reached, and by such means never will reach, as high a standard of oratory as was raised by that simple, unaffected, earnest soul, Jesus the Nazarene. Who comes nearest to him in spirit, in speech, and in manner of delivery, will be the greatest orator of the future.

OUR CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT*

BY J. M. SJODAHL

It has occurred to me that on this day it would be proper to give a moment of our time here to the consideration of the great government of which George Washington has been called the "father." Not that I expect to be able to say anything on that subject which you do not know; but it is well to pause occasionally, to consider the blessings we enjoy, and you will agree with me, once an alien but, thank God! for many years a citizen, that the American government is one of the greatest temporal blessings God ever vouchsafed to man.

Before 1776 the country later known as the United States of America consisted of 13 colonies, each under the complete control and rule of the government of Great Britain. But, as serious trouble between the mother country and the colonies seemed to threaten, George Washington of Virginia was elected commander of whatever colonial forces could be raised, to the end "that the liberties of the country receive no detriment." This step was taken June 15, 1775, and was the first direct move for independence, and on July 4, 1776, a Declaration of Independence, drawn up by Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, was adopted by the colonial congress. At the same time Articles of Confederation were drawn up and submitted to the people. These Articles had for their purpose the organization of a "Confederation and Perpetual Union between the States." This was, in modern terms, a "league" between thirteen independent American states.

This Confederation met with many difficulties. Each state was sovereign within its own boundaries, and as each had its own commercial and political interests, there were serious conflicts. Some wanted free trade, and others prohibitive duties. Some wanted slaves; others were opposed to that kind of labor. The debt incurred by the revolution caused heated discussions. Some states negotiated treaties with foreign countries, while the Confederation itself was without standing and credit abroad. It went so far that the opponents of the Confederation gloried in the evident failure of the new experiment in popular government, and predicted the dissolution of the Union. The situation became so critical that Congress in 1787 decided to issue an invitation to all the states to send delegates to a convention, to meet at Philadelphia on the second Monday of May, 1787, for the purpose of amending the Articles of Confederation and strengthen the Union.

The response was not, to begin with, encouraging. On May 14, the day set for meeting, too few states were represented to transact

*An address in the 12th-13th Ward on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, 1925.

business. On May 25, seven of the 13 states were represented, and that was a majority. George Washington was then elected president of the convention, and when this momentous assembly was ready for work, it was proposed that "a government of the United States be established, consisting of a supreme legislature, executive, and judiciary," and this resulted in the forming of the Constitution of the United States, adopted September 17, 1787.

The government founded on this Constitution is, as we all know, a democracy. That is, all power is vested in the people, and those who govern derive their authority from the people and exercise that authority—if they understand their position correctly—as the servants of the people.

But the government is, furthermore, a representative democracy, and that fact we sometimes lose sight of. Since it is impractical in a large state for all the citizens to come together in one lawmaking assembly, or sit as judges on every case that may come up, and since every citizen does not possess the information and training necessary to make laws, or to execute them, or to interpret them, they can exercise the sovereign authority vested in them only by selecting representative men and women who have the necessary qualifications to attend to this public business for them. Those so elected are the representatives of the people, and therefore we call the government a representative government.

But that means also, that when the citizens have attended to the election, which they should always do conscientiously and faithfully, then that ends their duty and responsibility as far as governing is concerned. All further responsibility, authority or duty is delegated to the representatives, and these should be left unhampered and receive approbation and support, as long as they do their duty well. But if they fail, and prove themselves unworthy of public confidence, then the citizens should exercise their sovereignty and remove them by the ballot or other legal procedure.

When we build a house or a ship and agree with the builder about the construction, we leave the matter in his hands, but in matters of government we sometimes ignore, or forget this, and so it happens sometimes, that when a legislature, for instance, is in session, individual members are hounded, as it were, by persons outside without legal authority, who urge them to introduce this and that measure, and sometimes societies and clubs exert pressure upon legislators for special interests, and the result is seen in laws and ordinances by the hundreds, which are passed, although they are absolutely valueless and remain a dead letter on the books.

All this is wrong. It is destructive of representative government. It is one of the dangers against which the watchmen on the towers should sound a warning, whenever necessary.

Inspired of God

The next point to note is that the great instruments of human liberty, on which this government is built, were inspired by our heavenly Father himself.

On this great truth let me read a few lines in Doc. and Cov. 101:76-80, and let me say, this revelation was given through the Prophet Joseph Smith in the year 1833, when the Saints in Missouri had been driven and scattered and were exposed to untold sufferings during a cold winter. The Lord, through his prophet, told the Saints:

"Importune for redress, and redemption, by the hands of those who are placed as rulers, and are in authority over you, according to the laws and constitution of the people which I have suffered to be established, and should be maintained for the rights and protection of all flesh, according to just and holy principles * * * * therefore, it is not right that any man should be in bondage one to another. And for this purpose have I established the constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood."

Here we are expressly told that the Lord not only "suffered" the laws and constitution of the United States to be written, but that he himself established the constitution. It was God, who raised up such men as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, and their associates, for the very purpose of breaking the chains of bondage and establishing individual liberty. They were the instruments in his hands to do this particular work.

America is, in a particular sense, God's country, just as Palestine was, and still is, as will be evident in the future. The country was for centuries hidden from the rest of the world, until the time came for the curtain to be raised, by the voyages of Columbus and others, and then, when the time came, the standard of human liberty was unfurled—an ensign to all nations.

But let us not forget, that the great movement, which culminated in the war for independence and the constitution of the United States, did not begin here on this continent. Let us remember that the fundamental principles embodied in that magnificent document were brought here by the pilgrim fathers from Great Britain and Holland, and by others who followed in their footsteps. A great deal of preparatory work had been done by such men as Wycliffe and Tyndale and their heroic followers in Great Britain and on the European continent; by John Huss, the Bohemian, who, like Tyndale, was burned at the stake for his faith; by Luther, Melancthon, Carlstadt in Germany, by Calvin, the French reformer, and Zwingli, the Swiss defender of the truth, as he saw it; by Savonarola, the Italian martyr; and then by the Waldenses, Albigenses, by the martyred Colligny and the Huguenots, by Lollards, Mennonites, and others who lived and suffered for the principles of human liberty, not to forget the great hero from the

north, Gustavus Adolphus, who, at the battle of Luetzen in 1832, gave his life for the liberty of mankind. All this work, all this conflict and seeming chaos in the history of the world, was but preparatory to the great results of which we have become the beneficiaries. It was the crushing, the mixing, the cutting and grinding, the polishing and fitting, of the material needed for this grand structure that we may call our home.

Now let us ask: what was the purpose of God in this great work? Was it intended for the benefit of only a small part of the human family? No, to suppose that would be a serious mistake. The Jews fell into that error and became so wrapped up in themselves that they lost sight of the mission entrusted to them, and their policy was therefore broken up and they, themselves, were scattered to the four winds. The Lord, in the revelation just read, tells us the purpose of his great work. He says that the laws and constitution of America were established "for the rights and protection of all flesh, according to just and holy principles." Note, "all flesh," that is God's purpose with regard to this government, whatever the purpose of man may be. And I think that must have been the divine ideal to which President Woodrow Wilson sought to give a tangible form, when he delineated a United States of the World after the divinely inspired pattern of the United States of America. He, however, was misunderstood. The time for the realization of that vision, although given to all prophets of God from the beginning of the world, had not yet come. But it will come. This country is God's country, and its government, as outlined in the constitution, is God's government. But the whole earth belongs to our Lord Jesus Christ. He is its Creator and its Redeemer. And when the plan of salvation was formed, God said to him: "Thou art my son; this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." (Psalm 2:7, 8.) The earth, then, is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, no matter who claims it, and eventually the principles of the divinely-inspired American government will extend to all parts of it, as the little stone in the dream of Nebuchadnezzar.

The very fact that the Lord established his Church here, and made provisions for the preaching of the gospel to all nations, is evidence of his purpose to make this form of government universal; for wherever the gospel of Christ is accepted and carried out, there the brotherhood of man under the celestial law of equality is a real ideal and at least a potential actuality.

Now then, it becomes the duty of every true Latter-day Saint to study our fundamental law and the government founded on it, and to guard and defend our constitutional institutions against assaults from within and without. The Prophet Joseph at one time said the time would come when the constitution would be in danger, and that,

if it be saved at all, it will be by the elders of this Church. (Orson Hyde, *Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 6, p. 152.) This, then, is part of our mission. Party politics may be more or less important. The Prophet once declared:

"I wish to be let alone, that I may attend strictly to the spiritual welfare of the Church."—*History of the Church*, Vol. 5, p. 259.

And on another occasion he said:

"In relation to national matters, I want it to go abroad unto the world that every man should stand on his own merits. The Lord has not given me a revelation concerning politics. I have not asked him for one. I am a third party and stand independent and alone. I desire to see all parties protected in their rights."—*History of the Church*, Vol. 5, p. 526.

But on the constitution itself, its divine origin and purpose, we have revelation. And by sustaining it and all constitutional laws, and by sustaining the government in all that is in accordance with those laws, and with truth, justice and righteousness, we are hastening the coming of the universal reign of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace, the King of kings and the Lord of lords.

Holding Your Overcoat

I would hold your coat when 'twas time to go

On those first cool evenings of early Fall;

It was my joy to serve you so—

You were the king and I was the thrall.

All the early evening I would command,

In my queenly power I would gloat:

"Take me out to hear the band!"

"Kiss my eyes!" "Dear, kiss my hand!"

But at parting time I would meekly stand

Holding your overcoat.

And I would think, while standing there,

"Three days must pass e'er you come again:

Three days before I can kiss your hair;

Three days of longing; three days of pain!"

Then the coat that I held seemed very dear;

I kissed the band that caressed the throat,

The turned-up collar that touched the ear,

The breast—ah, your heart would be beating here!

When I was far, it would be near,

So I kissed your overcoat.

You were so tall, you must bend toward me;

I must reach as high as I could, tip-toe;

Then I would whisper, "How will you reward me

For this hard service, before you go?"

You would turn to me, serious, though your eyes were gay,

And all unsmiling, you'd gravely say,

"Love, I have nothing with which to pay."

Yet I was in debt, when you went away,

For holding your overcoat!

Salt Lake City, Utah

OLIVE F. WOOLEY BURT.

THE PIONEER USE OF ELECTRICITY IN UTAH*

BY DR. RICHARD R. LYMAN, CONSULTING CIVIL ENGINEER, AND
MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF TWELVE APOSTLES

Benjamin Franklin, the beginning of things electrical in the United States, has been dead but one hundred and thirty-five years. It was eighty-nine years after the death of Franklin, or forty-six years ago tonight, that with the invention by Edison of the first successful incandescent lamp, modern electrical development began. Swift has been the progress. Electric lights have dispelled darkness, and by use of the electric motor man is able to take on the strength of a giant. He goes by submarine into the depths of the ocean, and by aeroplane into the skies. By the use of electricity, moving pictures bring us information from every part of the world. The electric motor, with lightning-like speed, takes us underground, through the subways of great cities. By means of x-rays, electricity enables us to explore the human body, while by radio and telephone it carries our voices thousands of miles.

The telegraph, the telephone, electric lights, electric railways, automobiles, flying machines, and the radio, all came to Utah early.

In 1844 the world was stirred by the miracle of the telegraph. The first message was sent between Baltimore and Washington by Morse himself.

During the Civil War, on Oct. 18, 1861, when the telegraph line across the continent to Salt Lake City was completed, President Brigham Young wired: "Utah has not seceded, but is firm for the Constitution and laws of our once happy country." The charge for messages of ten words to New York then was \$7.50, as against 90c today. In December, 1866, the line was opened for business with Ogden, and soon afterward with Brigham City and Logan.

As early as 1878, but two years after the invention of the telephone, there were two instruments in Utah, one in Salt Lake City, the other at Fort Douglas. Our first exchange was opened in Ogden in the fall of 1880, four years after the first telephone was made. In the spring of 1881 an exchange was built in Salt Lake City.

In the early 90's, a woman, still in the employ of the Telephone Company, put up between Logan and Nephi the first through connection, over which a successful conversation was held. Our Telephone Company has had the vision and the material forces to keep pace with the growth of this inland empire. Advancing, building

*An address delivered by radio on "Electric Night," October 21, 1925, at a national celebration, sponsored by General Electric, in honor of Thomas A. Edison, for his greatest contribution to mankind—the incandescent lamp, 46th anniversary.

improving, it has anticipated the demand for its service. Today it is the ally of every enterprise, the connecting link in all our business and social life. In Utah there is one telephone for every five people; elsewhere in the United States, one for every seven. There is hardly a settlement here that cannot be reached by telephone.

The history of street-car, of lighting, and of power companies in Salt Lake City dates back to 1872, when the Salt Lake City Railroad Company was organized. In 1888, when electricity was substituted for mule power, the company employed thirty men. Fourteen cars were in operation, using eighty-four mules.

While electric street cars were first used in Richmond, Virginia, and in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1888, Salt Lake City followed very quickly, changing to the electric system in 1890.

Located in the tops of the mountains, with many canyon streams, Utah has been a leader in the development of electrical energy from water power. In 1893 the Pioneer Electric Plant, located in Ogden Canyon, was world-famous. Its power line of 38 miles to Salt Lake City was the longest, and its voltage, 16,000, the greatest of any power line in the world. Utah was the first to run alternating current power plants widely separated, as Cottonwood and Ogden, "in parallel;" that is, to connect them so as to feed power into the same line.

As early as 1897 the first commercial transmission line in the country to operate at so high a voltage—40,000—was used to distribute energy from the Provo Canyon plant. Since that time an adequate supply of hydro-electric energy has been available over wide areas for lighting cities and towns, operating irrigation pumping plants, and developing industries. Electrical service has been made available to a greater percentage of the farms of Utah than to those of any other state. According to the census of 1920, over thirty-four per cent of the Utah farms received electrical service, while seven per cent is the average for the country. It is said further that Utah has a higher percentage of farm homes served with electricity than has any other State.

Consider for a moment how large is the part, yes, how indispensable is the part that electricity plays in modern civilization. This will appear especially remarkable if you remember that the first central district lighting station which Edison himself built began operating in New York City as recently as Sept 4, 1882. That plant started with but fifty-nine customers, and these were so skeptical that they had to be furnished with free service for a period of five months. The electric light, a curiosity a generation ago, was looked upon with wonder and awe.

While electricity is used in practically all the mining operations of Utah, all coal in this State is mined by its power. Electrical machines drive small pick points into the coal. The shots are fired by means of electricity. The coal is loaded into small cars which are

brought together by electric locomotives and hauled to the surface by electric hoists. Electric loading machines are displacing hand shoveling. Every underground worker carries on his cap an electric battery lamp. Under modern electric processes, explosive gases in coal mines can be ignited only if mine regulations are disregarded. Telephones are in daily use, and electric signals control the movement of cars, hoists, and locomotives. Mines are lighted by electricity, and electric motors drive screens which prepare the coal for market. Special electric machines load the coal into box cars without hand labor.

Utah is recognized as one of the leaders in the manufacture of radio loud speaking units. The demand for these products has developed here a four million dollar business which employs five hundred men.

At night the principal streets of our city are a flood of light. Our "Great White Way" has transformed the darkness of night into the light of day. It looks as if the time had come when all people must have faith as a grain of mustard seed, for the miraculous developments of the electrical industry are such that nothing seems impossible.

My Boy

Who is it makes me wait and wait
For letters that are always late?

It's my boy, my boy!

I know he loves me, always did,
But under a bushel he keeps it hid,
Does my boy, my boy!

So when in hand his pen he takes,
A memory, surprising, wakes

In my boy, my boy!

He scribbles off a page or two
Of why he didn't—then he's through,
Is my boy, my boy!

He doesn't run a single bluff,
He states his case, and that's enough

For my boy, my boy!

The tender words with which to cope
Are useless stuff for me to hope
From my boy, my boy!

I know he isn't built that way—
To say the things he'd like to say,
That boy, my boy!

But in my heart the springs of joy
Are filled with love for that dear boy:
And, while I'd like to have him write
A letter oft when out of sight,
I'll take for granted all he'd say,
And never doubt, but always pray
For my boy, dear boy!

Salt Lake City.

HATTIE JENSEN.

A GARLAND OF VERSE

Little Things

Outlined in clear and perfect grace,
The maple sees her pictured face.
In flecks of gold and gleams of red,
Soft fall the leaves from overhead
Upon the still pool's level floor.
Wave after wave will seek the shore;
So faint the dimpling rims go by
They might escape a watchful eye;
And yet these tiny ceaseless shocks
Will undermine the solid rocks.
They firmly stood when torrents raved,
The earthquake's shock, the lightning braved,
To these succumb, and mutely grieves
To yield to foemen such as leaves.
And little plants beneath have grown
And overturned a mighty stone—
Opened a path for wind and rain
That lastly split the mount in twain.

A footprint one could scarce descry
Has caused a noble chief to die.
A sight, a song, a woman's tears
May echo for a thousand years.

* * * *

At war with everything but God and truth
Man has stood firmer than the granite cliffs.
Noble, heroic in disaster's deadliest hour;
To save his honor, and for virtue's sake,
The love of freedom and the love of God,
Man launched his frail ships on a shoreless sea,
Crossed unknown rivers; plunged into the shades
Of pathless forests where all fears abound;
Serpents and savages, disease and death;
Nor turned he back, nor lowered his proud crest.
Routed the plains, buried beloved dead
And with high faith left them to God's good care.
Performed prodigious labors undismayed.
Divided his last loaf with one in need
And gloried in his powers to endure.
Turned not aside for gold nor woman's lure.
Scorning the weakness of common men.
His own approval—looking up to God
For ultimate reward of everything.

But when these storms were past he sat him down
At ease, in peace; and in the marts of trade,
By small degrees insensibly he came
To grind the shrinking faces of the poor;
To filch from labor its small recompense,
Appropriating what endeavor earned

To swell his coffers with a golden tide.
 For deprivations in the time gone past,
 Felt he had earned indulgence; ate and drank
 The things accursed of God, darkened his mind.
 Lusted for power; which, won in devious ways,
 And striking hands with sly and wicked men
 He used perforce improperly; and his example led
 A host of youths to follow in his steps,
 Lured by the story of his noble past.
 He tolerated sneers at sacred things,
 Until he scarcely knew what he believed
 And was ashamed to speak in its defense.

He lost his all because of little things,
 Compared with what he once endured—withstood,
 As gnat stings are beside the thunder bolt;
 Yet wreck the souls of well intentioned men.

Salt Lake City

ELLEN L. JAKEMAN

The Greatest Prize

Ye Saints of God, awake and hasten
 For coming changes to prepare.
 The hand of love that guides must chasten
 Those who shall know his sovereign care,
 All who his grace and peace shall share,
 Shall worldly greed for wealth and station
 Corrupt our hearts and dim our sight?
 We who have seen the gospel light—
 The power of God unto salvation?
 Awake, ye Saints—arise
 To conquer sin and strife—
 And win the great—the matchless prize
 Of Life—Eternal Life!

And shall we rise as Christ hath risen
 To life and light and endless day.
 While myriad hosts in spirit prison
 Remain in darkness and dismay?
 No! he hath taught the truth, the way,
 And as we learn the gospel story,
 How he, the Lamb, was sacrificed,
 We for the dead will be baptized
 That they with us may see his glory;
 That they, with us, may rise,
 Redeemed from death and strife,
 And gain the great—the royal prize
 Of Life—Eternal Life!

While nations war in futile blindness,
 Debauched and drunken—not with wine.
 O! Saints, our light of love and kindness
 Must through our good works bravely shine,
 Till others, seeing, fall in line
 And glorify the Lord descending

Upon the earth to rule and reign,
 Triumphant over death and pain,
 His own receiving and commending.
 Then shall the just arise,
 And freed from sin and strife,
 Obtain the first—the greatest prize—
 Life—Life—Eternal Life!

Salt Lake City

LULA GREENE RICHARDS

Our Savior

Christ went so quietly upon his way,
 Yet knowing still
 The bitter anguish of that coming day
 On Calvary's hill.

He went so quietly about his work,
 So much to do;
 Toiling for those who scoffed, he did not shirk,
 Though followed few.

There were the sick to heal, the blind and lame,
 The dead to raise;
 There was repentance to be cried; God's name
 To lift in praise.

Day after day, in patient, quiet mood,
 He worked for all,
 Knowing full well the shadow of the rood
 On him would fall.

Ah! we who know no sad on-coming fate,
 Yet fret and fear,
 Let us our Savior's pattern contemplate,
 Till faith appear!

Murray, Utah

MAUD CHEGWIDDEN

The Turn in the Road

There always comes a turn in the road,
 Somehow, somewhere, someday,
 Tho' years seem long and hours seem void,
 And sombre has grown the way.

When you have reached the crest of the hill
 That you found so hard to climb,
 Have you not attained to a broader view,
 And to sun of a gladder shine?

You who are braving the stress of time,
 And graciously bear your load,
 Tho' rough to your feet may be the trail,
 Watch for the turn in the road.

And when you come to the turn in the road,
 You will find an unlatched gate
 That shall swing awide at your lightest touch,
 If your soul knows naught of hate.

Be mindful then, of the turn in the road
 It leads to where heaven's blue
 Is bright with a galaxy of stars,
 Awaiting to welcome you.

Provo, Utah

GRACE INGLES FROST

March

Oh, March, wonderful month of promise!
 Within thy gaunt trees are cradled uncounted baby buds, eager to
 burst forth into lives of service and of beauty.

Under thy myriad pools and patches of old snow lies the moist,
 brown body of Earth, silently nurturing innumerable seeds, bulbs, plants
 and living things; all waiting breathlessly for the magic words of April—
 "Grow and Increase."

From far off uncharted spaces come thy winds—March winds—with
 their wonderful whispering, as they shake the bare trees into life. They also
 shake my soul, and arouse it to climb to the highest there is in me.

As in the wind's cadences, I hear voices of a past, where once I dwelt,
 and sweet murmurings of a future sphere, where I yet may rise to the
 pinnacle of the best, with the assurance that all my tears, my strivings, my
 regrets, have not been in vain.

Oh, March, month of wonderful promise; golden step from drab, bleak
 Winter to pulsing beauteous Spring! Let me learn thy lesson and take up
 my cross again—I, too, may grow and increase.

Salt Lake City

A. O. NUTTER

Greetings to Loved Ones at Home

On a calm and peaceful night,
 While the stars are shining bright;
 Is it strange that I should dream,

When so far away?
 Dream of happy days of yore,
 Dream of joys forevermore,
 Dream of those on yonder shore,
 And dreaming, I should say:

Refrain:

Give my love to Mother,
 Give my love to Dad,
 Sister and to Brother;
 Let your hearts be glad.
 Loving friends and neighbors.
 I remember, too:
 And to home and loved ones,
 All my love to you.

Esbjerg, Denmark

Days may come and days may go,
 Heart will thrill and tears may flow,
 As I think of what I owe

To my Mother dear.
 She who taught me what to be;
 And to pray with bended knee,
 "Rock of Ages cleft for me,"
 To you these words of cheer.

Nor shall I e'er blinded be
 To what Dad has been to me,
 How he toiled unceasingly
 Strong my stay to be.
 I have watched him struggle on
 Days so long, until he won.
 I will be your own true son,
 Through all eternity.

R. MICHELSEN.

THE COMPACT

BY J. ARTHUR HORNE

Of late Mrs. Rogers' face had worn a worried look. A strong odor of tobacco filled the room whenever her stalwart son was present. Twice she had actually seen him at a distance with a cigarette between his lips. For a long time he tried to hide from his mother the fact that he smoked, accounting for the tobacco smell about his clothes by reminding her that most of the men in the railroad office where he worked were heavy smokers. One morning at the breakfast table she took him to task about it.

"Seymour," she said, "it seems almost incredible to me that with such a father as you had, you could have adopted a habit so distasteful to him—and to me. In his labors in the bishopric he strove above everything else to impress upon the boys of the ward the importance of keeping clean; he almost dedicated his life to that end." Her son stared down at the plate for a moment in silence. She felt that he was ashamed of his actions and determined if possible to make him confess it. While she waited for his answer she sipped slowly from her cup of fragrant coffee. Finally he raised his eyes and looked directly into hers.

"Mother," he said, "does smoking really seem so bad to you? Some of the finest men we know are heavy smokers. The leading men in most of our business institutions and in our government, too, are users of tobacco."

"But not in our Church," she returned quickly.

"And why not in our Church?" he came back.

"Because God has forbidden it," she replied.

"Where do you get that?" he asked innocently enough.

"In the Word of Wisdom, to be sure."

"And is that all the Word of Wisdom mentions?" he persisted. She looked startled for a moment and set down her cup of coffee rather hastily.

"No, it mentions strong drinks, too."

"Anything else?" he went on relentlessly, a flash of amusement in his dark handsome eyes.

"Oh, I know what you are driving at, tea and coffee, I know they are meant when it says 'hot drinks.' Surely, my son, you would not put tea and coffee on a plane with liquor, would you?"

"And why not?" he asked. "Are they not listed together?" He folded his napkin and rose from the table. "Mother," he said earnestly, "I'll tell you what I'll do; you give up your coffee and I'll give up my tobacco." She was stunned. He put on his hat and coat and, coming over to her, kissed her lightly on the cheek. For a

moment he hung over her chair evidently waiting for her promise, but she looked up at him with a hurt expression on her face and allowed him to leave without committing herself. A triumphant smile curled his lips as he opened the door and went out. Mrs. Rogers sat for some time staring moodily across the table, then arose and poured herself another cup of coffee. Twice she raised the cup to her lips and set it down again untouched. Then she smiled and raising it to her mouth for the third time drank it with evident relish, as though it had almost been snatched away from her. "Perhaps smoking is not the worst sin in the world, after all," she mused, "for just as he said, many of our greatest men are addicted to the habit." But this twist in her attitude left her decidedly uneasy in mind.

Her son, the only child of her short married life was all in all to her. She had watched him grow to manhood clean and straight and pure, interested in Sunday school, in Mutual, and in his quorum duties. It was when he left business college and entered the office of the railroad that he began to pull away from his early training.

For some time after the conversation above referred to things had gone on about as usual in the Rogers' household. However, Mrs. Rogers found herself going to meeting more and more often alone. At first Seymour had merely made some excuse or other for not accompanying her. But later he spent his Sunday mornings in bed and the balance of the day away from home. At last she questioned him about this.

"How is it, Seymour, that you do not care to go to Sunday School or Mutual any more?" He stood before the mirror adjusting his tie.

"I suppose, Mother," he answered, turning to face her, his hands still busy with the tie, "it's because so many of those sanctimonious saints talk about tobacco. They'd faint at sight of a cigarette, but wouldn't hesitate to squeeze the last nickle out of a poor widow for rent or the payment of a store bill."

"I think that is hardly true, Seymour, for you know there is no kinder-hearted man living than Bishop Johns or the Harper brothers." He turned to face the mirror again a bit impatiently.

"I have no quarrel with any of the Church people; they're as good as any in the world, no doubt, but are they any better?"

"Yes, I think they are," she returned thoughtfully, laying aside the book she had been reading when the conversation began, "because they live for others as well as themselves."

"Just the same," he told her, "I'm going where they don't make me feel that they are better than I." With that he left the room, slamming the door behind him. Mrs. Rogers felt helpless to meet the situation.

Again and again her son's proposal recurred to her, but she

could not bring herself to give up her coffee. It seemed like taking all the joy out of life to think of a meal without tea or coffee. She resented her son's attitude and felt that it was unjust; he was shifting his responsibilities onto her shoulders, making her accountable for his sins. She had expected him to be more manly than that. Her coffee was not an offence to him, but his tobacco was an offence to her; there was that difference. Had he asked her to give up her theatres or wear less expensive clothes, she would have taken him up in a minute, but to give up her coffee—that was too much.

She saw her son drawing farther and farther away from her. He seldom spent an evening at home any more, and was often grouchy at the breakfast table. Those breakfasts together had been the supreme joy of her life all through his high school and college days and during his first years at his work. The two had been so chummy and companionable but of late breakfast had become almost unbearable. If she should lose her son she knew that life would hold little to interest her. She determined to inquire a little more into his conduct.

"Seymour," she said one night as he was about to leave the house, "where do you spend your evenings?"

"You wouldn't know if I should tell you," he answered gruffly.

"Why wouldn't I?" she demanded.

"Because you've never been there," was his curt answer. She drew him gently to the big leather rocker and mildly pressed him into it, then she seated herself on its arm as she used to do—such a long time ago. She laid her hand on his dark-brown hair, stroking it back from his smooth white forehead.

"What do you mean, my boy?" she said in an anxious voice. "Surely you are not associating with—?" But the sentence ended in a little choking sob which she tried in vain to suppress. He arose from the chair brushing her aside almost roughly.

"No, of course not. You don't understand, Mother. If I am to advance in railroad work I have to stand in with the fellows who are over me. They despise sissies. Remember, I have already had two promotions in less than a year. The fellows all like me and will do anything they can to help me along. All the big fellows go to cabaretttes and other places of amusement where I go."

"Why not take me with you sometime? Often a mother can do more than any one else to advance the interests of her son," she said eagerly.

"Oh, you wouldn't care for the frivolous parties we have."

"And why wouldn't I?" she clung on desperately. She felt that he had almost slipped from her grasp and the next minute would see him swallowed up in darkness.

"I don't think you'd like the girls very much."

"Are they bad girls?"

"Oh, no, only some of them smoke a little."

"O Seymour," she cried reproachfully. She placed her hands on his forearms and with anxious, sorrowing eyes, looked up into his still handsome face. "Surely you cannot think that such companions will promote your business interests. It is a trick of the evil one to draw you away with silken cords until he can bind you with heavy chains. Stop! before it is too late."

"Piffle," he said, and jerking away from her, left the house abruptly.

Mrs. Rogers threw herself into a chair and sobbed bitterly. "O God in heaven," she cried, "is this the end? Has my baby boy, my son, my pride and joy, sunk to the level of the street? What will his father say when I meet him on the other side? Will he hold me blameless? I wonder if I am too late now to make the compact with him." She dried her eyes, new hope springing up in her heart. "Oh, I hope I am not too late. Father above, give me strength. I'll do anything to save my boy."

That night Seymour did not come home from work at his usual hour. She waited an hour longer, then telephoned to the office. "I believe he joined some of the boys on a motor trip," came the answer over the wire. "They were planning to go up one of the canyons this afternoon." A feeling of uneasiness seized her. She could eat nothing of their dinner, now grown cold, and set the things away without touching a bite. She walked from room to room, gazing ceaselessly out of the windows into the darkened street and listening anxiously for the approach of every footfall she heard on the pavement, but they all died off into the distance.

About ten o'clock the telephone rang. She took down the receiver with trembling fingers. "Hello, is this Mrs. Rogers?" a strange voice asked.

"Yes," she said.

"This is the County Hospital. Your son has been injured in an automobile accident. Could you come at once?" She almost flew about putting on her wraps. Before many minutes had passed she was on her way to the hospital. When she announced her name to the head nurse, she was conducted at once to the operating room where the house doctor was putting the finishing touches to some bandages about Seymour's head. She wanted to throw her arms at once about her boy, but the nurse held her back.

"He is still under the influence of the anaesthetic; he would not recognize you," she said. The doctor turned from finishing his task and looked at her.

"Do you wish to have him removed to one of the other hospitals?" he asked. "His wounds, though serious, are not necessarily dangerous, if no infection sets in."

"If I could arrange to keep him here I would much prefer not

to move him," she said. And so it was that Seymour remained where he was, being assigned to a room on the third floor of the building. She sat by his side until he recovered from the anaesthetic. She did not realize until that moment the marked change in the features of her son the last few years had wrought. He opened **his eyes** and stared at her a moment in bewilderment. His pale lips moved.

"Mother," he murmured feebly. She put her hands over his as it lay on the counterpane and he closed his eyes again. "So good of you to come," he went on in a scarcely audible voice. This hurt her. Was he so far estranged from her that he considered it a kindness on her part to come and see him lying wounded in a hospital? The hot tears burned in her eyes but she winked them back. The nurse came in.

"I think you might better go home and get some rest, Mrs. Rogers," the nurse advised. "He's too weak to talk and your presence might induce him to attempt an explanation of the accident. Come tomorrow afternoon and I think you will find him much better." She accepted the advice and returned to her home.

The next morning in the papers she read a full account of the gay motor party which had ended so disastrously. "A bottle of moonshine and two empty flasks were found in the wrecked car," the officers stated, adding that this was evidently the cause of the accident. The writer of the article spared no one, but gave a list of the names and addresses of all the participants. It seemed to Mrs. Rogers that her humiliation was complete. She could almost feel the eyes of the boy's father looking at her reproachfully. How could she go to meetings in the ward now? How could she hold up her head again among the good sisters of the Relief Society? It was a very humble woman who wended her way to the hospital that afternoon.

She found Seymour still very weak and persuaded him to remain quiet until she should visit him again about seven o'clock that evening. It was then that he told her the full details. "I advised Blake to cut out the liquor," he said, "but the fool would have it; said the girls would have a lot more pep and dash with a shot or two of moonshine inside of them. The whole bunch got stewed and the next thing I knew they were bringing me into this hospital." Much more he told her which need not concern us here. She could not tell from his recital whether he felt any sense of humiliation over the affair or not. When the visiting hour was up she took her departure.

It was several days before she spoke to him about the subject that lay nearest her heart. "Seymour," she said as she took his hand in both of hers, "do you remember telling me one morning at the breakfast table that if I would give up my coffee you would give up your tobacco? Would you do that now?"

"Mother," he returned, "I'm not worth much but there is one thing left in my character—I never break my word. If you think I'm

worth the effort we'll make that compact now." She leaned over the bed and pressed his lips with such a kiss as only a mother can give.

"To seal the compact," she said. She left the hospital that afternoon with the lightest heart she had known for a long time.

She found upon her arrival home a letter in the mailbox addressed to her son. It was from the railroad office where he worked. She took the letter in and laid it on the table, but she picked it up several times. Somehow it seemed a foreboding of evil. She feared to take it to her son in his weakened condition. Finally she decided to open it and see if it contained anything of importance. She took from the envelope a check for three hundred and fifty dollars, and a letter which read: "The unfortunate episode in which you figured recently, coupled with the fact that your work in this office has been very much below the high standard we require, has made it necessary to dispense with your services. We are handing you herewith a check for two month's salary which we think will provide for you until you can get located in some other position." Mrs. Rogers crushed the letter in her hands and, sinking into a chair beside the table, bowed her head in grief over the crumpled sheet. She sat for a long time thus, then she arose, weak and trembling, and going to the cupboard took out the coffee pot and set it on the range. She poured into it some hot water from the tea kettle and then added a tablespoonful of ground coffee. She did all this mechanically.

"How will he ever stand this blow," she kept repeating over and over to herself. When the coffee came to a boil she poured some of it into a cup and set it on the table. She sweetened it with sugar and poured in a bit of cream. She drew up a chair and prepared to seek what comfort she could from this source. She raised the steaming beverage to her lips, then she thought of her compact. It was like a blow in the face. No, this consolation was now denied her. She looked at the cup with eager longing eyes. Perhaps this once wouldn't matter. In the morning it would be easier to abstain from it—she would be stronger then. She raised the cup once more to her lips. Something arrested her hand, almost like a voice speaking to her came the words: "Perhaps Seymour, too, will want to seek consolation in a cigar or cigarette." She looked about the room guiltily. Quickly she set down the cup. "No," she said closing her lips firmly, "the compact must not be broken." She rose abruptly from the table and cleared away the things. Never in her whole life had she experienced such a craving for her favorite beverage. She went to bed, hoping to forget her craving in slumber, but all the long night through no sleep touched her eyelids. In the morning she rose, weak and weary; and the temptation to break her compact became almost unbearable. A great fear came over her that she would not be able to keep faith with her son. Again like a voice speaking, came words to her, "Why don't you pray?" Without loss of a moment she went into

her bedroom and knelt down in fervent prayer. She arose from her knees feeling much less depressed. She went immediately into the kitchen and dumped the contents of the coffee pot into the sink. She boiled an egg, but ate only a mouthful; it seemed dry and tasteless without her usual cup of coffee. Her head ached violently. At noon she fared no better. A dizziness seized her and she went about her household tasks like one in a daze. In the afternoon she went as usual to the hospital, but said nothing to Seymour about the letter.

"You look worried, Mother," he said in greeting. "Did you go without your cup of coffee this morning?"

"Of course," she assured him. "You haven't been smoking, have you?"

"I should say not," he replied with spirit. "But you, why, you dear, brave, little mother; I didn't think you could live without your cup of coffee."

"It is hard, Seymour," she confessed, "I had no idea it would be so bad. If you find it equally as hard to break off smoking, I pity you."

"You poor little mother, I'll release you right now from your part of the compact and I'll quit smoking, too." She shook her head.

"When you come home, Seymour, you'll find no coffee at our house."

For days and days her struggle went on. She was irritable and moody and her nights were spent in fitful slumber. It told visibly on her appearance; she grew thin and pale under the strain. Only her faith in God kept her up. The heart of her son was torn with pity for her. He pleaded with her to give up her part of the compact. "Not for a minute," she said in answer to his entreaties, "other women have struggled through it, and I'm just as brave as they are."

At last the day came when Seymour was released from the hospital and came home with her. It was then she allowed him to read the letter from the railroad office. He read it through several times in silence. "I guess they're right, Mother," he said smiling ruefully. "I've been all kinds of a fool, and this is no more than I deserve. It's hard when I had built up such hopes for my future there, and since we made the compact I determined I'd show Mr. Marshall the hardest working man he'd ever laid eyes on. All the advancement we make at the office is on the basis of length of service. It takes years of steady employment to get anywhere with a railroad. Now all my seniority has been swept away. When I begin again anywhere I'll have to start at the bottom, with probably not more than half the salary I was getting there. How shall I provide properly for you now? For answer she came and sat beside him and laid her hand caressingly on his head.

"Seymour, I don't care anything for fine clothes or parties or—

or—coffee, either, if I can have my boy back again like he was before. I feel sorry for you losing your position, for your sake but not for mine.”

“I know, Mother, you’re a brick, but I never want to see you have to go to church like poor old Mrs. Bradley in her faded coat and funny little hat.”

“What does it matter how we are dressed, if we keep God’s commandments?”

“It matters this much, Mother, that nobody is counted anything even in our Church, unless they have money.”

“I know,” she admitted, “that there are many in our Church who cater to money, but I hardly think God measures our worth by the size of our purse. I shall count this accident of yours and the loss of your position a great blessing even if we have to go through poverty and distress, if out of it there emerges a pure unsullied youth of Zion, worthy to be called his father’s son. It has taught me a lesson, too, for I never realized what a blind and selfish woman I was until you showed me.” He reached up and put his hand over her mouth.

“I cannot stand to hear such words as blind and selfish applied to my mother, even from her own lips,” he said. “I certainly would be a heartless son if I could witness the brave fight you have put up and not keep my part of the compact. Sunday we will go to church.”

That Seymour was having a struggle too, she had no doubt, for she heard him sigh at sight of a passing workman smoking a pipe; and when the plumber came to fix the taps, Seymour hastily left the room when the fellow took out a cigarette to light it. Another time they were on the sidewalk, the man ahead of them was smoking, and Seymour contrived some excuse to delay them until the man had passed from sight. At night she heard him moaning in his sleep and, slipping on her kimona, she entered his room. Standing beside his bed and looking down at his restless form she offered up her heartfelt prayers in his behalf. But through it all he dropped no hint of his feelings. He seemed more kind and thoughtful of her than he had ever been before.

Seymour sought employment in every direction. Sometimes he was rewarded with a few day’s work in one place and a day or two in another, but nothing permanent. The episode in the canyon followed him like a phantom; no one cared to trust him with any responsibility. Mrs. Rogers had a long talk with her Bishop one Sunday and told him something of their story. He had noticed, he said, that Seymour was quite regular in attendance at his meetings and had concluded that the young man had taken a turn for the better. “Mrs. Rogers,” he said, “I am well acquainted with Mr. Dean (the local head of the railroad for which Seymour had worked) and if

I were you I would go up and have a talk with him. If you like I'll go along and introduce you to him." She was delighted and made an appointment to meet him the next morning at ten o'clock. She went home with a light heart, but of her conversation with the Bishop, she said nothing to Seymour. In the secrecy of her own room she laid the whole matter before her Father in heaven. She believed in her son and prayed earnestly for guidance on the morrow.

The next day she kept her appointment with the Bishop and together they went to Mr. Dean's office. They were ushered into a spacious room with heavy upholstered furniture and soft rugs. Seated behind a shining, polished table was Mr. Dean, the highest railroad authority in the state. Mr. Dean received them kindly, excused his secretary, and shoving his papers aside invited them to be seated. The Bishop excused himself after briefly announcing the purpose of the visit. Mr. Dean turned to her expectantly. Mrs. Rogers plunged into her story a little nervously at first, but the kindly comments and searching questions of her auditor reassured her and she made her appeal for her boy as one friend to another. She was surprised that he knew so much about Seymour, evidently knowing his record from the time he first entered the office. In her recital she kept nothing back. Though Mr. Dean was not a member of the Church to which she belonged and was, so far as she knew a heavy smoker himself, she did not hesitate to tell him all about their compact.

"There's an underlying principle there, Mrs. Rogers, which many of your people overlook," he said, "but it counts heavily with us. When a man professes a thing and then fails to live up to it, we know that his head steam is not sufficient to make the grade. If I believed smoking was wrong, I wouldn't smoke. Your son gave every promise of making a first-class railroad man and we welcomed him among us. I was sorry when he failed to keep his draw-bars tight. Gay parties and late hours do not make railroad men. I believe what you say is true, Mrs. Rogers, and if Mr. Marshall is willing I shall be glad to recommend his reinstatement. Tell your son to call and see Mr. Marshall in the morning."

"Oh, Mr. Dean," she exclaimed, "how can I thank you for your kindness?"

"No thanks are needed. If he makes good he will be a valuable asset to the company." He turned once more to his stack of papers and bowed and smiled to her as she left the room. Her feet did not seem to touch the ground as she hurried home to tell Seymour the glad news. He was not home when she arrived and she had to wait until night to tell him. In her mind she reviewed that early challenge he had made to her and what it had cost her not to make the compact then. She thought of the days and months and the years of suffering her refusal had cost them both, and compared them with

the days of happiness she had experienced since the compact was made and kept.

Seymour came in tired and discouraged from his day's fruitless search for employment and threw himself wearily into a chair. "I have good news for you, my boy," she said, coming over to him and kissing him.

"Yes," he answered listlessly, looking up into her beaming face.

"Mr. Dean says for you to call and see Mr. Marshall in the morning."

"What!" exclaimed the young man springing to his feet, his weariness slipping from him like a cloak. "Mother," he said seizing her almost roughly by the shoulders, "you're not fooling me, are you?"

"Of course not, you foolish boy. I had a long talk with Mr. Dean in his office this morning. The Bishop suggested it and then went along and introduced me." Then she told him all about it.

"Well, bless his kind heart." Seymour said, almost in tears. "Maybe God has forgiven me a little bit for my waywardness." Then he threw his arms about his mother and caught her in a bear-like hug. "Your right, I'll make the grade when I have such a brave little fighting mother to fire my engine for me and keep a full head of steam on." She looked at him with shining eyes and kissed him just like they had made another compact.

Sandy, Utah.

Our Richest Treasures

Our richest of treasures, our children,
God given, are priceless indeed,
How great is our duty, as parents,
To sow in their hearts righteous seed.

To teach and to train and to guide them,
In kindness, in truth, and in love,
That in time again they'll be worthy
To dwell in the heavens above.

Important that we should remember
They lived e'er they came here below,
As spirits immortal; mature,
Their value our God only knows.

Then think ere ye chide too severely,
Our brothers and sisters are they,
Begotten by parents eternal
Sent here for a very short stay.

To us has been given the privilege,
Their parents, on this earth, to be;
As such they will honor and bless us
If our part we'll do faithfully.

Mesa, Arizona.

ETHEL R. LILLYWHITE.

MELITONE GONZALES TREJO

The First Spanish Translator of the Book of Mormon

BY TRESSIE M. POST

We are glad to give to the *Era* a sketch of the life of one whose name appears on the roll of the first Y. M. M. I. A., spoken of by Junius F. Wells in his history of the Thirteenth Ward, which was published in the *Era* for June, 1925:

Melitone Gonzales Trejo was born in Castile, Spain, March 10, 1844, and was reared by his parents under very favorable circumstances.



The Unveiling of a Monument to the Memory of M. G. Trejo, at St. David Cemetery, Arizona, August 30, 1925

He attained to a high degree of scholarship. His father held the office of Captain in the army; and Melitone received the necessary training to place him as 1st Lieutenant in the army stationed at the Philippine Islands. At that time the elders of the Church of Jesus Christ were scattering rays of living light, and a portion of that light penetrated his soul and awakened his conception of truth. He often related his apprehension of truth by slapping his breast with both hands, saying, "The gospel truths came to me like this." He was one among the many of whom Isaiah prophesied: "And many people shall go and say, come ye and let us go up to the mountains of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us of his ways and we will walk in his paths."

He consulted his father about leaving the army and going to Utah, which resulted in his arrival in Salt Lake City about the year

1874, when he was about thirty years of age. He was converted to the gospel and baptized within two weeks after his arrival. President Brigham Young and associates recognized his ability, and called him to the responsible position of translating the Book of Mormon into the Spanish language. He commenced the work at once, and completed it at Logan, May 17, 1884. He had married, for time, Mrs. Mary Ann Christenson at Richfield, in the spring of 1875. One child, Louisa, was born to them, and soon after her birth they emigrated to Arizona, and arrived in St. David March 15, 1878. Brother Trejo was set apart as a missionary to the Mexican people. Wherever he found them, he filled this mission with unfaltering efforts. At one time he was interpreter for Moses Thatcher on a trip to Mexico. Later, about 1905, he was called on a ten-year mission to the Mexicans. He would always give back an allowance he received, or would give it to some poor Mexican, never keeping any for himself. Although he was reared in plenty, he did not maintain those conditions, but was very poor in worldly possessions. He married Emily Jones, May 29, 1884, in the Logan Temple, twelve days after he had completed the translation of the Book of Mormon. Ten children were born to them. His wife and six children are still living. His favorite song was, "O, ye Mountains High." He possessed an unusually kind and generous disposition. He was not released from his mission, but was driven out with the "Mormon" Mexico refugees during the rebellion. He located his family at St. David, taking his eldest son, Melitone, and returned to Mexico, spending two more years in this labor. He died at Wilcox, Arizona, in the house of his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Kimball, April 29, 1917, and was buried at St. David.

The unveiling of his monument took place at the St. David cemetery August 30, 1925. The monument had been recently erected by his children. The M. I. A., by request from Bishop Wright, was in charge. Decorations and pantomime were directed by Bee-Keeper, assisted by Bee-Hive girls. The following program was rendered at the cemetery: Quartette, "Jesus Lover of My Soul;" prayer, William G. Goodman; duet, "Rock of Ages;" pantomime by four Bee-Hive girls to the song, "Though Deep'ning Trials," sung as a duet, while two other Bee-Hive girls slowly approached and unveiled the monument; a short history of his life was given by John S. Merrill; quartette, "An Angel from on High;" benediction, James N. Christenson. The inscription on the monument reads: "Melitone G. Trejo; Born March 10, 1844; Died April 29, 1917; First Spanish Translator of the Book of Mormon."

St. David, Arizona.

THE MYSTERY ABOVE THE BOOTS

BY CARTER E. GRANT

This is a true story of what happened to me when I was a boy about sixteen. The midnight thrill I received at that time has never been forgotten. Midnight has always seemed to be the time when one gets the fullest benefit of that horrible chill of fright. Then, too, this occurred, very properly, in our old barn. This huge affair was used for many purposes. It contained the grain-bins, harness-room, stallion's box-stall, open stalls for the other horses, buggy shed, hay mow, etc.

Our home at West Bountiful was situated between two railroads; the Oregon Short Line, east about a quarter of a mile; the Rio Grande, west about two hundred yards below the barn. Most of our visitors came up from this latter track. A willowy lane led from the right-of-way to the lower barn-yard. All unobserved one could slip up here and into our barn. Visiting tramps often did this, even in the day-time, but especially did they come after we had done our chores and left the stable for the night.

Every time I was after dark with my chores, I always felt that some fellow was watching me all the time. I would sometimes go get a lantern, but that only made it better for the observer; he always knew what you were doing and just where you were, while he, himself, could easily slip through the dark stalls and alleyways.

My older brothers had been no braver than I was. A sense of dread for that old roomy inclosure grew up with us all. At night we had a feeling of apprehension, almost a persistent, inevitable sense of fear.

On a number of occasions, when father was away, I saw strangers enter the hay-mow. They seemed to know when the men were gone. The most horrifying dreams of my boyhood were those I had about being alone at night in the hay-loft, and being overcome by some big, half-clad, grizzly fellow! But just as he was spiking me through with a pitch-fork, I would awake with a terrible jump, grab my bed-fellow and determine never to go into the barn again. Several times, during these night mares, my mother heard me scream in my sleep.

This experience, however, "The mystery above the boots," was to be real; no dream or pulling covers for safety. I was to have it all by myself—and alone. As I live through it today, trying to tell the story again, the chills start creeping up my back. There seems to be an inexplicable, peculiar something about this fleshy tabernacle of ours that causes fear to cower and chill us when we are in some dark, lonely place. The instinctive self seems just to invite, and then

urge on, a creepy feeling; the very blood races with the nerves in making us frightened, bringing on 'dreaded images of impossible existence. More than once I have tried to flee—tried to out-run it, but to no use. The demonistic, clutchy stuff seems to expand through the very efforts of speed.

Well, on this particular night when I led my sorrel pony into that dark, cavernous barn, I could not flee; that was out of the question. When I rode into the spacious front barn-yard and proceeded down toward the stable, it was a few minutes past midnight. I had seen my girl home, after the party at Centerville, some three miles distant; and, until this very minute, I had felt myself every inch a man. As my horse walked slowly forward, that old barn, as usual, loomed up in the blackness. Strange imaginations, in spite of my young manhood, immediately began stirring up past experiences.

Trying to ward off my lonesomeness, I looked toward the house for the usual light. It wasn't there. This rather surprised me. I knew father had been away for several days. Could it be possible that the rest of the family were away also, and I was alone on the ranch? I did not know where mother and the children could be, but it occurred to me that they might be visiting somewhere. I stopped and listened. Everything up there, except the flowing well, was still and quiet. The folks were all asleep, or gone. Either was bad enough. These thoughts only tended to deepen my fear.

Drawing my horse to a stand-still a few paces in front of the dark, open barn door, I dismounted. To gain courage with myself, I spoke rather loudly to my pony. My boyish voice echoed so strangely within the barn that I did not try speaking the second time. Then, too, the thought flashed upon me, "There may be tramps inside! If they hear your voice they can tell, even in the blackness of the night, that you are not a man coming into the barn." A peculiarly creepy feeling answered such a thought. For some reason I turned and looked toward the barn door. Then I resolved, "I'll never go into that place tonight! Molly can stay loose in the stack yard." As I hesitated, the thought of being taunted next morning at the family breakfast table, got the best of me. I knew they would all know that I went to see my girl and did not dare to put up my horse, etc. Either the thought of my best girl, or the fear of the jokes, made me determined to go in at any rate.

I turned just a moment to look about. The empty black-willow trees, with their long stretching limbs above the barn, stood naked against the sky. A regular March storm-breeze was coming in from the South. The recent rains made everything underfoot sloppy and muddy. The wind was now blowing harder; scattering drops of rain began splashing on my hands as I untied the wet saddle girdles.

I was ready to proceed, but upon reaching for the halter-rope, I found it was gone! Then, as my heart began pounding heavily,

I remembered that, when I rode away in the early evening, I had dropped the rope on the board floor against the side of the wall, about eight feet back of the stall where my horse was to be tied. I was sure I knew just where it was. I simply must have it.

Quietly leading my horse a few steps inside the door, I pulled off the saddle and hung it on its regular hook. One of the horses near by, that had been lying down, gave a lunge and struggled to its feet; then the stallion gave his shrill whinny. These startled me somewhat, but I now went slowly forward, however, leading my horse, and half feeling my way with my feet. I was now sure I was even with the empty stall.

It was black! No other word could tell it. And unless someone was below me, looking toward me and the open door-way, they could not see me any more than I could see them. I knew it then and had thought of it other times before. For just a moment, with one hand holding to my pony's mane and the other to the reins, I stood getting my proper bearing. The rope, I felt sure, was just even with me, over against the box-stall.

Knowing that Molly would stand for a jiffy, I dropped the reins, which, possibly, under the circumstances, was a foolish thing to do. For if anything were really to happen, it would be much better to hang onto the horse for it might, during the excitement, fly backward toward the open door, jerking me through the darkness with it.

I now leaned down, almost on my hands and knees; placing one hand close to the board floor, I moved carefully and stealthily forward, all the while reaching for the rope. Suddenly, my anxiously searching hand took right hold of an upright booted foot. Unconsciously my hand reached over a little; there was the other! I pulled my hand back; but, for the moment, I was so terrified I simply could not move. Someone was standing before me, and here I was on my hands and knees feeling of his feet, and possibly at this time with a pitch-fork in his hands, he was leaning down over me. Immediately a crampy feeling took all my strength. I felt faint. Things whirled in my brain. A terrible flush, like a chill, rushed through every vein, and up to my head. I managed to draw back a little. Here I was in the darkest corner of the old barn—it was worse than a dream!

As the ruffian made no attack, my wits returned as quickly as they had fled. Not daring, however, to lift myself from my crouching position, I noiselessly slipped back and to one side a few feet. As I moved, one hand came in contact with the end of the rope. Unwittingly I pulled a little. The man was standing on it, for when I tightened the rope a bit, he moved one foot. I wasn't long dropping the rope.

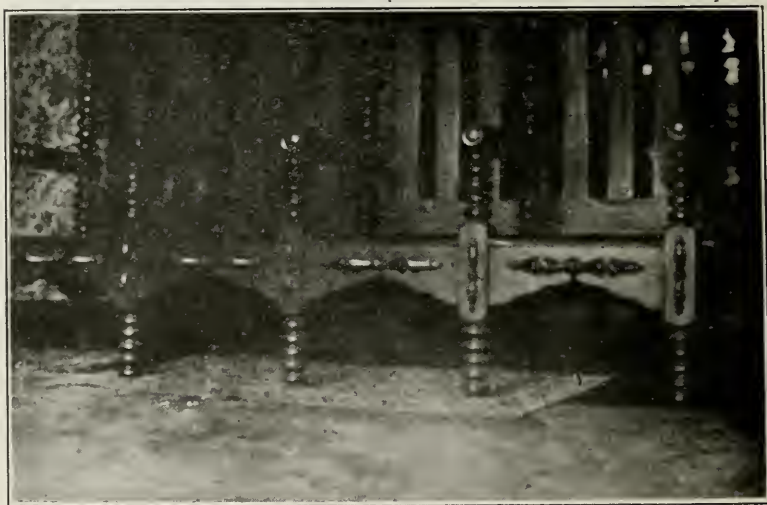
Quick as lightning my right hand found its way into my pocket—not for a gun, no such good luck. I have always been glad since that

I did not have one, for I surely would have used it. I was after matches.

Still crouching close to the floor, I hurriedly shaped a half dozen matches together ready for striking. Just what I would do when brought face to face with my enemy, I did not know; I could not think. My hand and matches met the floor. I gave a short, sharp pull. The matches all flared in unison. An electric light, for the moment, would not have served me better. There before my bulging eyes, not four feet away, one standing, the other lying, were my brother's empty boots. He had placed them there after I had gone to the party.

An Alleged Relic

Elder Rolla M. Rich sent this picture to President John H. Taylor of the Northern States mission, who forwarded it to the *Improvement Era*. President Taylor says he knows nothing about its authenticity. It is claimed that this is the bench that was used in Nauvoo temple for the twelve apostles, and was about the only thing that was saved when the



temple was burned, on Monday morning, three o'clock, November 19, 1848. The fire broke out in the upper story, and was evidently the work of an incendiary. The bench is now located at 1574 South Center Street, Terra Haute, Indiana, and is owned by a Mr. Milks, who has had it in his possession for twenty-three years. He bought it from an old curiosity shop in Terre Haute, Indiana. The claim that the bench, or seat, or chair, is from Nauvoo Temple, is not authenticated, and is not verified by anyone in Utah who has so far seen it.

UP TIMPANOGOS

BY LLOYD O. IVIE

I have just returned from my climb up Timpanogos; my bones are still aching and my feet are sore. I am one of the thousands or more who have made the trip today.

What a wonderful climb it is! The Japanese say, "He who climbs not once Mt. Fuji is a fool; he who climbs it more than once is also a fool." Not so Timpanogos. He who enjoys the open air, the sunshine, the wind—he who delights in strenuous recreation—he who reveres the grandeur of rugged precipices and babbling crystal streams, and whose soul can converse with birds and flowers—he who would study scientifically and extensively the manifold forms of life, or the geological wonders of the earth—he will always climb Timpanogos.

It would be impossible for any one individual to point out all the joys and lessons of this climb. Men of a thousand thoughts assemble for recreation. Each sees his own mountain; each returns with the abundance of his own heart to tell.

There was a motley crowd assembled at the bonfire festival last evening. Aspen Grove became as alive as the heart of a great city. Men, women and children were there. Not merely those few monied seekers of pleasure who flit here and there in impertinent opulence and ease, but every type and hue, from the pilfering parasite who hobbos his way and prowls the camp at night to steal his food from his sleeping fellow hikers, to the learned and sagacious nobility of mankind, who had come to lead a company of Boy Scouts or a group of Bee-Hive girls, or to join in the throng for the purpose of obtaining inspiration and rejuvenation for his mountain of service ahead.

But why do men climb mountains? Why do they do anything which requires effort and endurance? Why do they impose upon themselves tasks which compel themselves to fatigue, or to vie with one another for supremacy? For they seek not alone to do, but to outdo.

This is not my first trip up Timpanogos. I have climbed it before, only to be thrilled with the wonders of nature. Not alone with the upheavals in the dim past, which created such high-towering precipices, nor with the dying glacier which scalloped those verdure walls. But I have drunk in the mountain air and tasted the trickling rills, fresh from the melting snow. I have also glanced at the myriad forms of life which, in answer to the call of service, had planted themselves even upon the walls of nature. Obnoxious weeds, perhaps, blanketing the cliffs. Potential giants stunted by the adversities of nature.

It is well enough for society to congratulate itself upon its own

well being. Yet cocksureness and conceit are just as detestable among men as it is in nature. I have seen the bent and torn guards of the forest, old and scarred, standing at the forest's edge, unsightly and uninviting. Ugly old stumps of trees; trees which even the woodchoppers have passed by and ignored. Those old scamps and blotches of nature whose sacrifices have turned the howling winds and awful snowslides away from the monarchs in the depths of the forest that men may come and exult the greatness of the tall and stately timber. I have looked upon those bleeding old knots—and gulped to hold back tears. I am not convinced that such was their destiny; though it was their fate. I have seen men hang their laurels of service, and pin their badges of greatness upon the tall trees within the forest, while—if they noticed them at all—they hurled censure and reproach at those outlying scrubs. I have heard them say, in glowing words of tribute, that society—even civilization itself has been built and maintained by tallness and stateliness! Timpanogos has shown me such forests and such trees.

But I have brought back with me today another scene. Not that which is of the birds or of the brooks—neither is it one of towering weights and frowning precipices. Not that I enjoyed nature less, but a continual contact with even magnificence sometimes allows the focus of one's attention to dwell for a moment on other things. And what a blessing it is that I may go into the mountains and enjoy more than the mountains.

I do not mean that I stopped to count the numbers who climbed nor to take pictures of any of them. Others were officially there for that purpose. I didn't even carry a kodak, nor anticipate an album of pictures to display before friends and visitors at some future date. Machines may exhibit a few facts, but they are not revealers of truths. They are recorders of men's poses and performances; not of their hearts nor their motives. There is no invention of man which can see more in man than that which is upon the surface. Men do speak their hearts, even though some thinkers say that language is for the purpose of hiding thought. But not always do they speak them with their words.

As we zig-zagged up the mountain side, higher and higher, new scenes and new thoughts thrilled the climbers: they saw the water-falls, the trees and the rocks. One man said, "How insignificant is man compared with nature. What a little creature he is!" Another remarked, "How little others look way down there below us!" And as those who had gone ahead reached the summit they looked back upon others yet behind, still struggling up the glacier. There was no laughing or ridiculing at their struggles, for there was a common bond; their own veins were still pulsating from a like struggle. They yet knew sympathy.

With some the thought was to get to the top first. How men will strive and strain under the whip of emulation. Their joy was not in

the climb but in the outstripping. They saw not the cliffs nor the trees, but they arrived at the summit first. Others found a richer social life. They were helpful and sociable. They had come to the mountains to learn that their friends were their neighbors. They enjoyed the climb in the little helpful acts they performed and in the pleasant words they spoke to those with whom they journeyed. I heard no quarrelling nor complaining up that wonderful mountain side.

Such is what the people told me as they ascended the trail.

I was not among the first to reach the summit. By the time I arrived at the top of the glacier, others had been around to the summit and a few had already begun the slide over the snow. Only three or four were there, however.

My attention was attracted to a lady who seemed unable to gather courage enough to make the plunge. She walked to the edge of the almost perpendicular incline and then finally turned away. She dared not. It was too steep. She went to the side and prepared to climb laboriously down the trail where others were coming up. There she met an experienced mountaineer.

"You're not going down this way, are you?" he asked in a semi-reproachful tone. "You surely wouldn't climb all the way up here and then miss the slide over the glacier, would you?"

"I'm afraid—"

"There's nothing to be afraid of. Just lay your head and shoulders well back, keep your feet up, take a deep breath, and let go."

And his assuring look told her more than his words.

Determination set itself upon her countenance. She walked again, but without faltering, to the edge of the glacier; adjusted herself according to directions and—her fear was conquered. She, too, had now experienced the thrill of the wonderful glacier. She had played and was young again.

By the time I had made the trip to the summit and returned, hundreds were assembled at the top of the glacier. The psychology of the crowd was different, no one seemed to dare to express fear. Those who cling to the crowd must follow the crowd. Pioneers had already broken the trail. Now it was easy; now the fear of the disapproval of others was stronger than the fear of plunging off, even cowardice was brave.

I looked out over two marvelous valleys blooming with roses, checkered with radiant fields. Mother earth was indeed yielding her bounties to the toil of industrious hands.

Here too the psychology of the masses now prevails. It is easy to work when thousands around you work. It is a blessing to dwell in the midst of industry and achievement. Yet hands now cold—hands which made those fields when the soil was dry and parched, when there were no canals, no railroads, no cement highways; hands which made what we preserve,—bequeathed to us this

heritage of industry and service. They came to this garden before us. It was not then a garden, but a desert.

There indeed was heroism. For they toiled when none was here to applaud. They achieved, even in the face of taunts and ridicule. An expanse of grasses and rolling hills was behind them; a land of gold and opportunity was ahead of them. But a spirit of struggle and industry was with them. God had found willingness among men; he gave them that task which is our heritage.

It is easy to stand with the masses, and watch for their signs of approval, or quail under their taunts and frowns. That is no task. It is not bravery to climb to dizzy heights when the masses are around you applauding; it may be but the fear of scorn.

It is wrong to stand with the crowd today and belittle the deeds of our fathers because they are perhaps no bigger than ours geometrically. She who hesitated while alone might have been far braver than many who followed the crowd. Greatness is not always in position, but in direction. *Mortals are puny.* Those who we think are small in the distance are oftentimes bigger than ourselves. We marvel at the great achievements of today. We wonder why our fathers did not produce the many inventions we have now. They did more,—far more; they produced *today*.

I have just returned from Timpanogos, my bones are still aching and my feet are sore. But I look with greater reverence upon those sacred pioneers, who accomplished, by dint of their own faith and determination, that service which many fear not to give lest the world might frown upon them.

Provo, Utah

Answered

BY ORA HAVEN BARLOW

It was September, in the leper receiving station at Kalihi. The algaroba trees were clustered with long, yellow pods that dropped intermittently to the sparse grass below. Lahala had been sitting on the hospital veranda watching the soft evening glow through the fleecy trees at the west. Gradually the whole sky became golden, interspersed with long lines of flaming purple. The open Bible lay in the girl's lap.

It had seemed ages since she had come here. But it had been only four short years—years filled with joy and with anguish. Joy had come to her when she had realized the little good she had been able to accomplish, but anguish had been hers when she viewed the slow suffering of these afflicted ones of her race.

She turned her eyes from the glorious sunset to meet a group of leper boys who came into the yard with buckets and began picking up

the keawe beans from under the algaroba trees. The beans were fed to the swine of the settlement. Each boy hastened to fill his bucket, for a bucket full meant five cents for him from the head "kokua."

They were laughing and romping as they worked. Lahala wondered if they ever realized what dread malady was upon them and how it would probably consume them bit by bit. She recalled the story that in Biblical days the death ceremony had been said over such boys as these. They, then, would have been considered officially dead—dead but living.

But now, here it was nineteen hundred and eighteen years after the Christ. He had cast out this dread disease from among those who had faith. Why could it not be done today?

The leper children quickly filled their buckets. Each nickle brought a thing to them which made life a little more enjoyable, a sack of candy, a story book, a funny paper. They lugged their loads past the porch. Then Kala, the little lame one, saw Lahala, their adored *kokua* sitting in the evening air.

"Hey, fellas!" he shouted. "Here's Lahala. Come back, maybe she tell us a story."

She smiled down upon them as the group returned. They stood a little way off and begged for a Bible story, "Sure, you tell, eh?"

"Tell us about the ten lepers again," asked Wilama.

"Yes, about the lepers that were healed," they called.

And again the wonderful story was told. As she finished the tale of how the nine forgot to return and thank the Master, and of how the one was told it was his faith that had healed him, Kala, looking down at his ulcered hands, said, "I would be thankful, you bet, if God cured me."

"Why doesn't God send someone to heal us?" asked Paulo.

They were interrupted in their story by Professor Dean passing by on his way out of the hospital.

Lahala leaped to her feet.

The noted chemist and president of the University of Hawaii saw her and recognized her in the fading light. He stopped. Her question was unspoken for he answered her thought.

"Lahala, we have succeeded. Milo's case has been completely arrested through injection of the ethyl esters of the chaulmoogra oil. The other cases under treatment have all shown miraculous improvement."

"And you, Professor, have done this!"

"No, not I, Lahala. I am merely one of the servants of him who has caused it to be done."

And as the noted, but humble professor went his way, Lahala, the Hawaiian nurse, answered the leper boy:

"God does send someone to heal us today, Paulo."

Preston, Idaho

A CAREER OF REPENTANCE

BY ORVILLE S. JOHNSON

Richard Larson had lived in the same house with his wife and son for twenty-five years, and never once had he been called dad. Indeed, he was seldom called anything at home. He had grown so apart from Marcia and Kent that he rarely saw them at all. He spent most of his leisure hours in his big study, supposedly absorbed in delving deeper and deeper into the hidden beauties of truth.

He had become an authority upon most phases of the gospel. He was a successful business man. He had cultivated a wonderful smile that deceived most people who met him. Yet to a careful observer there was about him an air of humble sorrow.

Marcia Larson was a beautiful woman whose greatest desire was to make the world, or as much of it as possible, appreciate her beauty. Richard had discovered that she was a "Mormon" in name only. Shortly after his son Kent's birth, when he tried to interest her in the work of the Relief Society sisters, she had laughed at him and gone calmly ahead planning her first trip to the Nation's capitol.

After that first trip, Richard tried once more to catch her interest and hold it in her home. He failed ignobly. And fearing he would begin trying to influence Kent, she took the boy with her to Boston for a stay of a whole year. Richard never tried to interest her again; openly, at least.

The years that followed were torture to his honest heart. He watched as from a distance the bringing-up of his only son in the ways of the world. Beyond being baptized and taken to Sunday school a few times, by way of showing the town a real son, Marcia saw to it that Kent's training was other than religious.

In moments of deepest sorrow, Richard sometimes wondered if Kent ever had, or would think of God. His wonderings came to an abrupt ending on the 5th of September, shortly after Kent's twenty-fifth birthday, in a most astounding manner.

Marcia had been at home for two weeks in succession, a thing in itself astonishing, having completed a two month's stay in Boston, where she had launched Kent forth upon the beginning of a career as a great violinist. She had left him studying under one of the city's best instructors to return and flaunt her triumph before her husband. She enjoyed each new victory of this kind, because she was sure that secretly Richard hoped that some day Kent would turn to him and follow his precepts.

She had convinced Richard of her victory so completely that he was in the depths of misery whenever he was alone. And then at the climax of his despair, he saw Kent walk into his establishment. The boy paused a moment to get his bearings, then came directly to the

little alcove beside Richard's private office, where he was wont to work during rush hours as one of the regular bookkeepers.

Richard looked up as his son reached his side. Kent stopped and looked down at his father a moment contemplatively. Then he bent over and spoke in low tones. "Dad, can't we go into your office? I've a long story to tell you if you can afford the time to listen." Then he hastily added, "It isn't about money."

The word "Dad" brought a lump into Richard's throat. To have a longing, even though a small one like wanting to be called "Dad," so unexpectedly fulfilled, was almost more than he could bear without showing it. He arose slowly and held out his hand. Then for the first time in his life, he felt the grip of his son's hand in friendly clasp. Without a word he led the way inside, closing the door behind Kent.

He dismissed his stenographer with the instructions to allow no one to come in without first bringing his card. When he again turned to Kent, he wore a smile which said, "You're in trouble, son, let me share the load."

For the first time, Kent realized his father's greatness of heart, and under that wonderful smile, he felt sublimely humble. "Dad," his voice trembled ever so little, "in so far as you know, is there any reason why I shouldn't go on a mission?"

For an instant Richard was speechless. His face slowly paled as if he feared some new trick of his wife's making. He was silent for so long that Kent grew a little alarmed. "You don't think I'm an entire rotter, do you, Dad?" There was real pain in the boy's voice. "Let me tell you Dad, before you say what you think."

"Just a moment son"—he lingered over that word, son—"I want you to know that I think you worthy of a mission if you really wish to go."

"If I can only make you understand how much!" murmured Kent. "It was a girl, dad, a wonderful girl! I met her just after mother left me in Boston, at a little recital given by Brocharte. Almost as soon as I had been introduced to her, I loved her. There was something very familiar about her, and yet I couldn't think I'd ever seen or heard of her before. I watched her most of that evening and she watched me. I walked to her home with her after the recital and that was the beginning."

"I think the next step was when I discovered she was greatly interested in religion. Of course, I immediately became interested in the same subject. Mostly we discussed topics she suggested, because I was too ignorant to risk suggesting new ground. We talked a great deal about authority of which I was at first totally ignorant. I soon discovered that she liked to talk about Catholicism, and I decided she was a Catholic. I dared not ask her what she was, for fear she would ask me, and—well there are lots of ways of finding

out what you are, in a great city, and I didn't want her to know what I was until I had learned enough to be something else.

"When she did ask me, I was almost ready for the question and told her I was without any religious connections at all; which was nearly true. 'I like your frankness,' she said. 'If there's one thing I detest it's the type of religious snob who is the same thing you are. He'll even be a 'Mormon' for a time if he's with a 'Mormon' girl.'

"I couldn't even think I was a 'Mormon' after that. I made up my mind that she had planned that speech. She watched me close enough when she made it to justify such a view, and that she had planned it to discover whether or not by the merest chance I was a 'Mormon.' She knew I had come from the west and that the west held the 'Mormons.' Also, I knew the Catholics were bitterly opposed to the 'Mormons.'

"In various little ways I began to build up the idea that I considered a man who was afraid to stand up for his religion, no matter what it was, a most despicable character. Once or twice when we were at a cafe or an opera she pointed individuals out to me, remarking that they were religious cowards. I avoided them openly. Gradually the light of approval deepened in her eyes until I forgot everything but my desire to win her. I resolved to bury the fact that I was a 'Mormon' as deeply as possible.

"In this I counted upon mother's help, for Celia Marston was a daughter of one of the first families in Boston. Her folks had been abroad for almost a year and she had been running the home. She claimed to like doing that sort of thing better than hunting elusive pleasures that at best were uncertain. 'I think I shall choose it as a life's work,' she told me once.

"'And no wonder,' I responded, 'You were especially created to make a home for someone!' I'd have said more right then, only we were on a crowded roof garden and I couldn't bring myself to talk of life's sacred gift in all that hubbub.

"The next night we were going to see *Jocelyn*. I went for Celia in a cab. When I met her in answer to my ring, she had changed. At first I thought her folks had come home. But when she led me into the library and stood for what seemed a long, long time in absolute silence, I knew it must be something else. A great throb of fear shot through me. There was nothing more likely than that she had discovered my secret. I resolved desperately to get her promise to marry me soon, right then.

"I seized both her hands and almost shuddered. They were like ice. 'Celia!' I cried tenderly. She jerked her hands free and stepped back. For a second she just looked at me, not angry or hurt, but wistful.

"'You mustn't say it Kent, boy, not yet! I'm afraid, never If I let you tell me what is in your eyes, you'd only be sorry and

ashamed. You might even loathe yourself after you had had time to think!' I can't say it like she did, Dad, her voice was soft like the low note of a flute.

"Listen, Kent boy," she went on, "Have you ever belonged to any church at all?"

"There wasn't the slightest doubt then, that she had found me out and was seeking vindication of what she had learned. It was plainly up to me to convince her that her suspicions were without the slightest grounds. 'In so far as I can recall,' I asserted, 'I have never aligned myself with any creed.'

"And you've never so much as thought of investigating 'Mormonism,' have you?" It sounded to me as if she were eager for an affirmation. I gave it.

"Never!" I cried, and I put all the scorn and loathing into that one word that I could. 'When I stoop so low as to become even remotely interested in such a despised sect, I hope I may die!' " Kent's voice choked with regret.

"Sometime, Dad, when I've suffered a whole lot, perhaps God will forgive me for saying that. I was sorry almost immediately. And what I've gone through since then has been worse than any physical torture could be. I felt almost numb for a second, then I looked into her eyes again questioningly. She just looked at me for a long time and seemed to be drawing away from me, farther and farther. Suddenly her head came up proudly. Her eyes lighted with a defiance which her voice belied.

"That's what I feared, Kent boy. That's why I didn't want you to say it. Only I didn't know you felt so strongly against any religion. Had I thought that, I wouldn't have allowed you to become in the least interested in me. Much less, I in you!" There was bitterness in her voice, then, Dad, and regret. But she didn't break down, nor did she lower her glorious shining eyes.

"My one satisfaction, Kent, shall be that I saved you from the self disgrace of having proposed to a 'Mormon.'" Her voice held not a quiver and became richer and fuller as she continued. 'For I am just that, Kent. A little "Mormon" girl who will have only her religion when my family gets back. I think I shall go to Utah, then, and try to forget these wonderful hours, and that peculiar feeling that we have met before. Good-bye, Kent. Try not to think too harshly of me, because I didn't know you felt so strongly. Think of me sometimes, Kent, as the one who talked to you of religion.' Her voice seemed gradually to die, and I was alone.

"I got to the cab somehow, and then to my room. I can't tell how I felt then, Dad, one can't describe those terrible feelings of remorse. A 'Mormon!' A 'Mormon!' kept running through my head. She's a 'Mormon!' . God meant her for me, had I kept faith with him. We chose each other before we came here, but I failed to live worthily!

"I was so sure that I had missed my paradise that I thought of killing myself. Then I thought of you. It was a funny feeling, Dad, like I'd been smothering and suddenly found air. And with the thought of you came the thought of repentance. I tried to pray. I did pray in a way, but I felt as if I were asking for a forgiveness I had not earned. I felt better, though, and no longer considered killing myself, and knew that I should come to you. I thought of going on a mission while riding here on the train. It seemed to me that if I worked hard for God, then I might have a right to ask him for a favor. And, Dad, he might forgive me and lead us together again in such a manner that I will not be too ashamed to meet her. It's worth working for, even if it is only a chance in a thousand. Do you think there's any hope of getting my happiness, Dad?"

Richard Larson's face worked for several seconds before he could speak. He gripped his son's shoulders almost fiercely. "Hope, son? I don't hope for your happiness, I know! You haven't committed any very grave offense. I doubt if your crime was any more heinous than telling an ordinary lie would be. And while this is a grievous sin, it is not one of the greater ones and it is willingly forgiven by our heavenly Father, if we but sincerely repent. I don't know this girl, son, but she is a wonderful one. Anyone who does as she did must be wonderful. I can understand your feelings in regard to meeting her as a 'Mormon,' but if she is meant for you, son, and you put forth enough effort to prove to God you are sincere in your purpose to live rightly hereafter, he will grant your heart's desire. There will, no doubt, be many trials he will put before you. Satan will laugh at you at times and tempt you to dodge these unpleasanties. But if you will only keep your faith pointed toward God's ultimate justice, you will, in the end, find happiness. If not with her then, with a healed heart, you will find another.

"As for me, it will be the proudest moment of my life when I see you leave for the mission field. There can be but one prouder moment for me, and that will be to see you return with an honorable release."

A low knock took Richard to the door. His stenographer handed him a note. He glanced at it as he closed the door, then looked contemplatively at Kent. "I had almost forgotten, son, but your mother made an appointment this morning for this hour and she is waiting now. I think it has to do with an increase in your allowance. Shall we see her together?"

There was a note of comradeship in his father's voice which thrilled Kent. "Let's do!" was all he could think to say.

Marcia Larson entered majestically. She kept her regal bearing for a matter of seconds before she seemed to realize that Kent was there. Then she rushed to him in a sudden alarm. "Kent, why are you here?" she demanded.

He smiled down at her and kissed her before replying. "I'm going

on a mission, mother, and I thought Dad would be glad to know about it."

"But, Kent—your career!" she cried in sudden alarm.

"My career has turned out to be a career of repentance. I never could have become a great violinist, but I can become a great repentant."

"You'll just be throwing your time away, Kent." Her voice rose in excitement.

"Not throwing it away, mother, when I'd be paying part of a debt I owe to God." He spoke very quietly and deliberately.

"But what about me, Kent? Don't you owe me anything! Haven't I earned regard from you!" She was sobbing wildly, then, and clutching him fiercely.

"I owe my body and a lot of pleasures it has had to you, mother, but I owe my soul to God. I have lived only for you, for twenty-five years. Now it is time I began to live a tiny span for God."

She seemed to have suddenly lost all reasoning power and had become wildly hysterical. "No! No! Kent, no! I've counted upon you so! You can't fail me now! Can't you understand that if you leave the career I have mapped out for you now, that you will make it awfully hard for me to explain! It will kill me, Kent, to have to tell those people back there that you—you—gave up a wonderful career for a—a—oh, I couldn't do it, Kent."

"Mother, I feel that I must go."

"No! Kent, No! You mustn't leave me! You can't!"

"I shall not be leaving you, mother, any more than if I were to go on with my music. You can find me just as easily any time you wish to see me."

"Oh, Kent! Find you! Yes, I can find you! But what a pitiable find! My boy, who should be the boast of society, playing the part of a—a common tramp! Walking from place to place selling books! Giving away information that makes him loathsome to all he meets! No, Kent! No! No! No!" It was a wild shriek, she lost complete control of herself and would have fallen to the floor had not Kent caught her and carried her to a divan where he laid her tenderly down, still clinging to him frantically.

"You don't need religion, Kent! It's only a pacifier used by the upper classes to keep the rabble from swamping the world with lust and crime! But it isn't for men, Kent, real men!" Kent listened with bowed head. When she paused for a moment he slowly shook it in the negative, as if about to say something. It seemed to madden her afresh. She sprang to her feet and, levelling her glance at her husband, screamed: "You leave him alone, Richard Larson!"

"But mother!" protested Kent, "he never so much as said a word to me. I came to him!"

"He doesn't have to say anything, Kent! He only has to pray!"

Millions of friends are at his call! It was they that brought you here! Don't listen to them, Kent! Be a man! Come back to me!" Tears streamed from her lovely eyes. There could be no doubt that she was suffering. So was Richard suffering. He feared his son's new faith would weaken under such great pressure. Yet he could say nothing, do nothing. There was no assistance he could give to his dearest cause beyond a silent petition for divine aid. Kent had broken down at his mother's last onslaught and had bent his head into her arms. She sat down, pulling him to his knees where he knelt sobbing, his head in her lap. She was caressing that head with all the tender longing she possessed.

No one spoke or made a sound above a low sob for a full minute. Then Kent deliberately arose, and looking down at his mother through his tears, spoke slowly, delivering his ultimatum. "Mother, I must make this sacrifice!"

It brought Marcia Larson defiantly to her feet. Majestically she stood, as when she first entered, and with blazing eyes gave her verdict. "You have chosen, Kent, good-bye!" Proudly she glided from the room, bearing her defeat as if it were victory.

"Father!" cried Kent, "will she ever understand?"

"I hope so, son," was all Richard could say.

When they reached home, Marcia was gone. Where, neither had any idea. The weeks that followed were so filled that neither had much time for wondering. In fact, Richard gave her absence almost no thought at all. She had been out of his life so long that it seemed as if she had merely gone on one more trip. Kent never mentioned her, though it is doubtful if she was ever far from his thought during the rare moments he had to himself. Outside of those very few seconds, he was too busy to think of anything but his mission.

Richard held long talks with his son upon certain principles of the gospel, in a great effort to prepare Kent for what was before him in the field. These talks grew more and more interesting to each as they probed deeper and deeper into what to Kent had hitherto been mostly a great mystery. Under his father's guidance, however, things became clearer and clearer, until, when the time finally came for Kent to leave, he was all eagerness to give to the world the great truths he had learned.

Into the Southern States he was sent, and given Elder Hugh Murray as a companion. Elder Murray was older than Kent and had been in the field almost two years when Kent came. He was the kind of man that made many friends, and Kent grew to love him.

He was getting well onto the work by the time Elder Murray received his release, so that he was given a new man in the field as his companion. Elder Benson was almost as old as Kent's father and fully as sincere. It was to Elder Benson that Kent confided his story.

And it was from him that Kent received a striking view point that made his humility deeper even than when he had first been chastened.

"Be careful, my boy," Elder Benson had said, "lest you put your own selfish motives before those of the Lord. That lovely girl did a most wonderful thing in turning you to God, but you must keep God always first. If you are here working for her instead of him, he will put great tribulation upon you to make certain that he has completely gained your soul. If your heart is in the work because it expects her as a reward, then you are not giving yourself freely to the Master's cause? Cleanse the temple of your soul, my boy, from any such thoughts and work only for God, for only thus can you receive full joy in your work."

After pondering this and discovering that he actually did have, deep within him, so deep in fact that he had almost taken it as knowledge, the feeling that for his mission he was to receive Celia Marston as a reward, he grew alarmed. He redoubled his efforts to put her out of his mind entirely, but did not succeed. When he prayed he asked God to make of him an instrument through which his gospel might be spread. With his heart he asked God to make Celia Marston his. The longing for her was almost a constant prayer. It made him apprehensive of punishment. He grew so to expect this blow that when it fell he acknowledged it as God's justice and bowed himself nobly to his cross.

It did not happen frequently that Kent found his home newspaper on any news stand, but he was returning from his work of tracting one night, when he saw on a stand as he passed a copy of a paper published in Utah. He bought it and carried it to his room. Almost the first thing he saw was a short announcement of the marriage of Frank Harris, son of one of Utah's most prominent families socially, to Miss Celia Marston, of Boston. And then, while his heart was still numb from the blow, before he had time to become fully aware of how deep the loss he had suffered, he opened the door in answer to a low knock and stood face to face with his mother.

She threw her arms about him. "I had to see you, Kent! I was traveling through this part of the state almost without knowing it. And when I discovered where I was, I just had to look you up. I got your address from the mission headquarters and came here. Kent," she said softly, "if you must do this work, don't let it fill my place in your heart. For I need you, Kent! I don't feel whole without I know you still need me as your mother. You are my all, Kent! Without you I have nothing!"

"But what about father, mother? Hasn't he a place in your life?"

"He mustn't know that he has, Kent. He wants nothing more than to be rid of me, and I am trying to keep him out of my life as he is keeping me out of his." Then as if determined to dismiss the

subject she stepped back and looked tenderly into his face. "You're not happy, Kent. Are you sorry you took this step?"

"A thousand times no! mother. I've found the only way to happiness, existing for me. It is a little rough right at present, but there are smooth, shady driveways ahead. I have learned that the only true joy lies in serving first, God, then one's fellowmen."

"But it seems to me there is very little chance of serving either, away out here. Especially your fellowmen. How can you serve them when they so hate the 'Mormons'?"

"We are seeking the honest in heart, mother. When we have traveled for days in the face of bitter opposition, and suddenly come face to face with one who is seeking the truth, then are we blessed. One such will bless us forever. For unto him we have given a chance to live again in the presence of his Creator."

"But are there really any such people, Kent? Isn't that just a story told to the missionaries to keep them working?"

Kent's eyes lightened with sudden enthusiasm. It would be great pleasure to let his mother see proof of this. "Have you been traveling in your car, mother?"

"It's outside at the curb, Kent."

"Then come with me, mother. I'll let you meet a man I met just today, quite a distance out in the country."

They found him seated upon his front porch, reading. He seemed not to know that it was twilight and time for lights, if one would read. He looked up, saw Kent as he came up the path and arose to meet him with outstretched hand. "Mother," said Kent, "this is Brother Call. He has only heard the gospel for the first time today, but is much interested in it."

Something seemed to impel Marcia Larson to hold out her hand. It delighted Kent to see her unbend. "Mother has never been able to understand how people become interested enough in our Church to demand so many missionaries," explained Kent. "So I brought her to you, hoping you would tell her some of the things you told me."

Eldridge Call smiled a ready smile. "I told Elder Larson that in all my searching, I had never been able to find a road that even promised to lead to my happiness. I held great joy in my heart for a year. The year I was with my wife, but since she died, almost seven years ago, I've never known what it was to feel real gladness. I have investigated thousands of religions, it seems to me, but none of them held out what I sought until yesterday I saw this young man at my door. He had a message that seemed too good to be true, and yet as I look farther and farther into it, it seems, more and more, to fill my ideal of a perfect religion. It is not a selfish plan as most orthodox plans are, in that one may be a perpetrator of most awful crimes and still be saved by simply acknowledging Christ upon his death-bed. In this plan it seems that Salvation is reached through

service to others. One has his ancestors to work for in the temples, in order that he may not stand alone in the Great Beyond. Then one has to help further the cause by missionary work, which but a very few have the privilege of doing in most sects. It seems to me that this wonderful creed is founded upon friendship. The one who is in greatest demand, that is, of not pretended demand, but who is loved by most, receives the greatest reward. Of course, I have only begun but that's the way it appeals to me. Now if you two cou'd stay to supper, I'm sure we would find much to interest us."

But Marcia could not. She seemed to have received something that demanded instant attention lest she lose it. Almost as soon as they were in the car she opened her questioning mind. "Is what he said about being in demand actually part of our belief, Kent?"

"It's all our belief, mother. It's almost like clean politics would be if they were run by God's plan. A certain number of votes are necessary to get one into the Celestial Kingdom, say. It is up to us to see that we make certain of those votes. That is, we must make ourselves loved by enough people who we think will be there, to such an extent that they will call for us to come. Just to bring it close to you, how many of those high society ladies would call for you?"

The idea suddenly amused her and she laughed softly. "I don't think there'll be many such ladies there, Kent, because none of them will call for any of the others. They only pretend friendliness to keep up the show."

"Well, how many would you call for? Not necessarily society women, but thinking of everyone you know, how many would you vote upon as worthy and acceptable members of your home in the hereafter?"

"There'd be only two, Kent. You and—your father. But," her voice softened to almost a whisper. "There'd be only you to call for me."

"But think, mother, how easy it would be to change all that. You are beautiful, mother, and loveable. It would be so easy to make even thousands love you. If you would only forget about being a society lady and spend some effort upon gaining the love of common people, you would soon have enough to make a whole kingdom following you."

"Kent, I'm afraid you've found another who has lost the road to happiness. Won't you help me to find it? You won't have to convert me to 'Mormonism' because deep within me I have always known it is true, but how to work and apply its principles to my every day life, is yet a mystery to me."

"Have you time to read, mother?"

"My whole time is at your disposal, Kent."

"Then I shall give you *Added Upon* to read. It will set you to thinking and may make a lot of cloudy things clear."

That night Kent knelt in grateful prayer for the balm to his wound, which God had sent. For with his mother's new interest and the possibility of bringing great happiness to his father because of it, Kent was able to keep his smarting heart soothed. And as his mission neared its end and her attitude toward her new faith grew more and more ideal, Kent developed a delicious eagerness that kept him almost continually thrilled with hope for great joy for his father and mother.

The night Kent received his release, he telephoned his mother to come over. She heard his announcement in silence. "Kent," she asked, "do you think your father will ever take me into his heart as he did when we were first married? Do you think he would take me through the temple?"

"Why, mother!" Kent almost shouted in his joy, "that would be one of the greatest joys that could happen to Dad! Will you do it, mother? And take me through with you? All three of us to be sealed together as a family for eternity?"

"We'll do it, Kent! Or at least we'll think we're going to do it as long as we can. I've been awfully mean to Richard—your father—Kent. I don't deserve happiness with him, now that I've found out how really wonderful he is. But I'll make it all up to him if he'll only let me!"

"Mother, we're going home to great joy!" Kent's words sounded to her like a glorious benediction.

"Kent, does he know about my being changed in the way I am?" she asked suddenly.

"No, mother. I wasn't sure you wouldn't change back again, and I didn't want to disappoint him."

"Then let's keep it a secret. We'll see if a change in the heart shows in the face. Let me go to him alone, and see if he will recognize the change without being told." And with this great surprise in store for his father, Kent's homecoming was not clouded by memories of Celia Marston that might have been his had he been different. But it was and always would be sad, at times, he knew, because, of his great love for her, which he found did not lessen even after he knew she was impossible to him.

Richard had seen notice of his son's release, and was thinking that it took Kent a long time to write or telegraph when he might be expected. He was seated in his study, gazing thoughtfully into the glowing fireplace, when the door softly opened and a woman entered so silently he did not know of her presence. She glided to a place beside him and stood looking tenderly, longingly down upon him. She saw him smile frequently as if some happy anticipation were being visioned as it would happen, and wondered if he was thinking of

Kent's coming. Suddenly he looked up as if some unseen presence had made him aware, and saw her.

Startled, he sprang to his feet, facing her. She never moved nor uttered a sound, but just kept looking at him with that same tender longing. He reached out and touched her. A glorious light leaped into his eyes. "Marcia!" he cried and caught her in his arms.

Some minutes later the door again opened to admit Kent. He found his mother seated upon his father's lap, rumpling his hair and caressing him fondly. So engrossed were they, that he reached them and placed a hand over the eyes of each before they knew anyone was near.

"Kent!" shrieked his mother. And a moment later he was feeling the welcoming hand clasp of his father. "Did he know, mother?" smiled Kent.

Marcia Larson blushed. "Ask him, Kent."

Kent's look questioned his father. "Know what, son?"

"Why that mother had changed before she said anything."

"So it was a surprise, was it?" and Richard's eyes lighted anew. "Yes I knew. But it seemed too good to be true. For a second I thought I was seeing an apparition. But it isn't all over yet, son. There are two others who can concoct really worthwhile surprises, besides you two," and his gaze lingered fondly upon his wife. "Son, you have brought back to me that which I prized most, and which I feared was lost. I am suffused with great bliss. But if you will wait here until I call you, I will show you that I, at least, appreciate your efforts. Come dear," he said tenderly to his wife, "leave him to his thoughts and let him wonder about the Almighty's ways of rewarding faithfulness."

They left him staring after them with a puzzled expression that deepened with the moments. He wondered at his father's parting words. Did he mean a costly present, jewels, a watch or a set of books? Perhaps it was a missionary companion or somebody to whom he had taken the message of the gospel come to bless him. A low knock took him to the door where he met his father's smiling face again.

"I only looked in to make sure you were still here, son. It will be about five minutes more before my surprise will be ready. Be careful with it, son, and think twice before you speak."

He wondered if his father didn't suspect how he felt about Celia, and was making all the mystery in order to help him keep his mind off heart affairs. It showed just the thoughtfulness that his father was capable of, but Celia Marston could not be driven from Kent's memory by any means within mortal hands, he was sure. He appreciated his father's efforts however, and resolved to keep his secret hidden in so far as would be necessary to keep an illusion for his father. He saw the door opening and wondered if he was supposed

to be looking at it, or away. He decided upon the latter, and was looking at the window away from the door when a low sob caught his ear. His heart began pumping furiously. He whirled about in sudden suspicion, gripping himself with awful control.

Seconds seemed hours as he watched Celia coming toward him. His body stood quietly to receive her nearness, perhaps even to touch her hand in friendship, but his soul shrank from such physical pains as began piercing it.

Dimly, as from a distance, he watched her uncertainty. It was in her bearing—her face, her whole attitude betokened it. He saw that she was thinking of what she had once seen in his eyes, and hoping to make it at least easier for her, lowered his gaze to the floor.

He felt her warm hands, not cold this time, but throbbing with life, grasp one of his. The might-have-been of it, cut a swath of terrific anguish through him. He dared not look up for fear, his eyes were glassy with pain.

"Kent," she sang softly, "don't be ashamed. Forget those awful things you once said in my presence. God has forgiven you, and so have I. A noble repentance like your's enriches a life more than any life may be enriched which knows no such thing."

He struggled determinedly to keep from laughing rancously at the awful humor of the situation. Not once had he thought of what he had said at that time, but only of what he would have said had she permitted it. She was taking his sorrow as shame.

"Kent, I am very happy because of your success as a missionary," she sang again. But he could not look at her yet. There was a long moment of silence while she waited for him to look up, and he struggled to do so. Then she spoke again, her voice full of hurt, "Kent, didn't you want to see me?"

That was too much. His whole being answered that question in a trembling sob. But his voice only said fiercely, "More than anything else in the world. But not like this!"

She dropped his hand and recoiled a step at his burst of savagery. "Kent, what have I done?" She paused. "Why don't you want to see me like this? You did once."

For the first time he looked at her. Never had she seen such agony in a face. His tones were bitter with anguish. "Because you are married, and I love you!"

She recoiled again in sudden shock. "How on earth!"

"I'd been known to read newspapers before, but not since," he growled.

Her eyes lighted with sudden understanding. "And you've thought all this time that I was married and still can show—Kent, that story was an accident. Had you read a copy of the next issue of that paper you would have understood. It was an excusable mixup. Frank Harris' bride was expected on that train, but as none of the reporters

had seen her, each was asking questions that would politely disclose her identity without directly seeming to. One asked me if I was the lady from Boston, and almost unconsciously I answered, yes. He asked my name and rushed off. That little announcement was the result. All the papers didn't have one like that. Most of them had it right. That one corrected its mistake the next morning."

It was fully an hour later when a knock sounded upon the door that reminded them that the earth, yea even that very house, held others beside themselves. "And so you see, dear," she was saying, "had it not been for those absurd news notes, your father wouldn't have known about my being in the city, and wouldn't have been able to give me a position where we became better and better acquainted until he told me about you. After that we watched your missionary career with ever increasing interest. Your father called it your 'Career of repentance'."

Lovell, Wyoming.

A Noble Pursuit

BY JOSEPH S. PEERY

All adults have a responsibility to help the young. It is your business and my business. We must not shirk that responsibility, nor pass it on to someone else. We are accountable for our influence—good or bad. We would all like to have it said of us, when we get to the other side: The world is better for your having lived. We all would shrink from: The world is worse for your having lived.

We all have influence for good or evil with the young. How noble, how Godlike, to help the young become better, to instill faith in God in the hearts of every young person we touch. What could be worse than to impair, to destroy faith in the hearts of the young, to delude them into thinking their parents are wrong, that reason is the thing most desired, to lead them away from simple faith into the worship of mentality.

A teacher who deliberately beguiles a young person from simple faith in God and in his Son Jesus Christ into the gloomy darkness of infidelity, deserves the Savior's terrible rebuke: "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." (Matt. 18:6.) What worse hell could he face than a decree on the other side: You must stop—be barred from progressing, until you replace the faith you took away. In turn you are responsible for your pupils instilling infidelity into the hearts of others.

What greater joy could come to a spiritual leader and adviser of the young: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." (Matt. 25:21.)

On whose side are you and I working?

THE HERMIT

BY RUTH FISHEL AND FRED McLAUGHLIN

As the sun went down behind the low Florida coast, Miss Bettina Crosby—grown suddenly famous as a novelist—crouched amid the ornate furnishings of her motor boat and bailed—bailed frenziedly, desperately, hopelessly. Each green, oncoming wave lifted the boat, and breaking into hissing yellow foam, contributed its fateful burden of water, then slid out from under the helpless craft, which plunged again into the trough, while the girl held on in breathless terror.

Resting a moment from her labors she contemplated the shining brass and silver and polished mahogany. "A motor boat," she gasped—"what could be more useless than a motor boat with a dead motor?" She choked back a sob. "Not even an oar! If I ever get out of this—"

A gull, idly curious, flew low, studying her. For an hour now he had followed her. The mastery of his magic wings infuriated her; she suddenly hated the dark, button-like, expressionless eyes. She swung her arms wildly and yelled. He swept away in a graceful curve and came back, ever watchful, ever near.

She studied the plunging sea and the scudding clouds. The constant splashing slap of waves and the tearing shriek of the wind had strained her nerves to the breaking point, the futile frenzied labor of bailing had worn her body to a tired, helpless numbness. Utter loneliness took possession of her. All the world that she had known seemed suddenly gone. There was left only icy water that chilled her, only the foam-flecked sky and a wild tumultuous sea—a constantly menacing sea that promised death with every topling wave.

"Smart!" she gasped. "That's what I was. They said it was going to blow, and I laughed at them—*laughed!*" She took a long breath and watched the boat fill. "Well, I—I guess there's nothing." A lump came up in her throat. They will miss me—I guess."

She quailed before a monster wave that drenched her and, cowering in the bottom of the boat, sobbed out her helpless misery.

She watched each wave as it came. She wondered with a sort of detached fascination if that wave would be the last. She wondered too how long she might be able to swim, yet she knew that a minute would be just the same as an hour.

The water crept up around her body. As the shining brass and silver and mahogany went down she kept her head above the surface and her eyes upon the last green rolling ridge that bore down upon her. She saw, as in a dream, a tiny boat with a huge lug-sail top the foaming crest, dip, and careening crazily, slide down the side of the wave.

"The—the Hermit," she sobbed. "Bless him!"

She watched him shorten the sail and put the rudder down, saw the boat come around like a thing of intelligence, felt the grip of muscular fingers on her shoulder, the clasp of strong arms, and finally, the comforting warmth of some soft enfolding garment.

After two hours of greivous buffetings, the Hermit brought his tiny craft safely through the line of guarding islands and sailed slowly up the silvery bay under a glorious tropical moon.

Warm now and comfortably cuddled against the mast, she watched him through half-closed eyes. The coarse brown shirt and heavy corduroys could not conceal the easy grace of the man. He still wore the huge blue goggles that had piqued her curiosity weeks before. Putt-putting past his crude house-boat snuggled among the willows, she had seen him loafing lazily in the sun, with his blue goggles, and a book—always alone. Many times she had passed him and his craft, with its unwieldy sail, scudding precariously before the wind or tacking laboriously homeward. She had called him the Hermit, and her mother, practical and progressive, had laughed at her.

She moved, and he turned his head slightly. "All right?" His voice held a vibrant note of anxiety.

"Umph-humph."

He moved restlessly. "Did you know it was going to blow?"

She sat up suddenly and studied him.

"Shame to lose that beautiful boat," he mused.

"Oh!" she gasped. "The boat indeed—humph!"

He raised his head and smiled at the moon.

"Does the sun hurt your eyes," she asked, "—and the sea?"

He nodded.

"And the moon?"

"Not at all." He took off the offending goggles and put them in the pocket of his shirt.

"That's a lot better." She liked his eyes; the blue of them was almost purple in the moonlight. "I've been calling you the Hermit," she confided.

"I saw you go out," he explained, "and the wind came up. You—you didn't come back—"

"So you risked your life in that storm?"

"I like it; it's great, to see what you can do—when you have to. You will have to buy another boat."

"Sure." She was silent a minute. "They told me it would blow; I—I shouldn't have gone out, but—"

"You had to," he finished for her; "I understand. We have to try everything once. We are not as considerate of our parents as we should be, Miss Crosby—"

"Then you know?"

"Of course; besides, your picture is in the Miami paper, with a long write-up of your life, and a most favorable criticism of 'Angela Comes Alive.' It has been proclaimed the greatest novel of the year. You are to be congratulated; you're famous almost overnight. Don't you feel * * * ?" He was smiling at her happily, but he found no answering smile in her eyes; only surprise and hurt, and a little fear.

She sprang to her feet and held to the mast for support. "If you ever mention that despicable book again, I'll—"

"It's a beautiful book," he broke in softly, "a beautiful book."

He touched the rudder and the boat swung silently in toward the tiny landing, which led, by a narrow drive-way flanked with palms, to the Crosby mansion.

"I'm sorry," she said contritely. "You were very fine and brave. Please don't mention the book again."

He nodded and she went on: "Mother will want to thank you; will you—will you come up and see Mother?"

He looked at the dim white house, lacy and beautiful in the moonlit distance; he studied the girl, slim, lovely, with her great gray eyes and her youthful eagerness, and then he looked down at his own crude outfit. "Perhaps I'd better wait," he said; "don't you think I'd better?" There was a pleading earnestness in his voice that thrilled her.

"Alright."

"And I will see you sometime?"

She held out her hand. "You will, unless you and your boat and—and your blue goggles disappear entirely from the earth."

Then she left him—left him standing alone on the little wharf, watching her until she disappeared among the other wraiths in the moonlight.

Hurrying toward the house she took no note of the slim, sentinel-like trunks of the palms, or of the velvety smoothness of lawn, checkered with silver and brown. She was cold, cold from the wet and clinging garments; and hot, boiling with unreasoning rage against her mother. She was buoyed by a new and indescribable thrill, and nerveless and broken by the strain of her escapade. She was a living panorama of emotions. She burst in upon her mother and father.

Her father sat, half lost, in a great chair with deep leather cushions. He was pale, with scant gray hair, empty, inefficient hands, and a dreamy sort of imagery in his eyes. He raised a newspaper futilely as his daughter entered. "There she is, Caroline—at last," he said.

"I've seen him," she cried breathlessly; "he has the nicest eyes, and the whitest teeth, and his shoulders—he—"

"You're all wet, Bettina," said her mother.

Mr. Crosby half raised himself from the cushions. "Why,

Caroline, I never heard you use slang."

"She's been in the water," explained Caroline.

"I went beyond the islands and a storm blew me out to sea. The motor quit, and—"

"You were out in that storm—Betty?"

"Yes, mother; and the boat sank. He picked me up out of the ocean. She laughed shrilly. "He picked me up in that crazy cat-boat of his. He had followed me. Then he put back and worked it into the storm. It took hours." She clasped her hands against her heaving bosom. "Ah, what a man!"

"Who?"

"The Hermit, Mother."

"Oh, the Hermit." Her mother spoke with fine sarcasm: "And he has the nicest eyes, has he, and the whitest teeth—and his shoulders—"

"Now, Caroline," said Mr. Crosby, gently chiding.

"Humph, the Hermit—the long-shoreman with his indolence and his uncouth apparel and his foolish blue goggles—who is the Hermit?"

"I—I don't know, Mother, but—"

"Go change your clothes, Bettina," said Caroline with heavy finality; "I want to talk to you."

* * *

The Hermit dug a hole in the white sand with a heavy heel. He looked out over the blue and silver bay to the line of barrier islands which served always to spend the strength of breakers. A few white gulls rode high on the surface of the water and a lone blue crane came winging up the bay in long, laborious lunges.

"A great university, Betty," he was saying, "can teach a man a lot of useless things."

"But you did something, Ted—didn't you?"

"Umph humph. Let's see: I was right half-back for two years, I won the pole vault, I was the best ukulele player in the Sigma Chi, and I used to fling a wicked barytone."

"It that all?" She studied the gentle ripples at their feet, a mute hopelessness in her eyes. "It that all?"

"No indeed." He brightened up. "I was editor of the University magazine, and I spent twenty thousand dollars in four years."

She drew in a long breath. "And since then?"

"I tried newspaper work, but my stuff was not newspaper style; too much imagination, too little fact. They threw me out. I spent a year in my father's office in New York. Another flop. The Governor had a right to be disgusted. Funny how sons can be so different. He staked me again. He said that the world was full of opportunities. He told me to find one of them and bring it home, but not to come home without it. I haven't." He spread his arms wide. "Oh well."

"Go on, Ted," she urged.

"So I came here and got the unbeautiful house-boat and that rustic, awkward looking thing with the over-size sail."

"And you have written?"

He nodded. "It has been a little quiet here and, up to the time of that heaven-sent storm, a bit lonesome. Since then I've been very, very happy. Betty, you—"

She touched his hand gently. "You finished your book, didn't you, Ted?"

He smiled happily. She loved that smile because she saw in it all the yearning eagerness of his heart. "Yes, I rewrote it—after I met you, and something of you went into it. It gave me such a joy to write it." His rich blue eyes were searching her face hungrily. "Some of the fine idealism of you went into that book, some of the sweet and winning frankness, some of the loveliness, and the ever delightful, varying moods of you. When you read a book you make yourself the hero, and someone very dear to you the heroine, and you live the love scenes over and over again; when you write one—ah!"

"You're nice, Ted," she said softly.

"Since I picked you up out of the ocean you've been a lode-star of love, of ambition. For the first time life seemed worth while. The book was a labor of love, Betty; it is you, and because it is you it will go."

"I'm glad for you, Ted." She leaned against his shoulder.

"If it lands, Bettina, honey, I'm going to ask you to marry me."

"No," she said, "no." She tried vainly to push away from him. "No, Ted, never!"

"Why, honey; you love me?" The eager yearning in his fine eyes and the fading hope in his voice hurt her. "You love me, don't you?"

She nodded against his shoulder. "But I c-can't marry you—never!"

"Never is a long time, Betty; I thought—"

"I know—but I can't."

He put his hand under the sweetly pointed chin, and lifting the wistful face, studied the clear gray eyes until he saw tears beginning to form. "I'm sorry I hurt you," he said gently. "If you love me, is there any reason why you cannot marry me? Surely you can tell me why."

"Because I'm a fraud." She hid her face against him. "A faker, a hypocrite—"

"No," he said; "just a sweet, slim little angel with the wonder-fullest gray eyes, and the softest brown curls, and the most adorable red lips—lips just made for kissing, and—"

"Don't, please—don't kiss me again, Ted—please; you—you

make it so hard for me. Oh, I'm miserable, unhappy, fearful. Why didn't you let me die in the ocean? Every day I wait for the crash."

"Crash? There *can't* be a crash." Far away across the tiny inlet he could see the ornate gate that led into the Crosby estate, a thing of wealth and magnificence. "There *can't* be a crash, Betty; your—your book must have paid you a fortune. You—"

"The book is just the trouble, Ted; can't you see?"

He waited for her to continue. "See what, honey? I can see only a very lovely face."

"Listen, Ted, dear; I must tell you—then I'm going away. I've been waiting for the thing to happen, as it must, some day. When it does I cannot face you."

"I'm listening, honey, but I warn you—"

"You think you are in love with a great author, don't you?"

"I know I'm in love, but—"

She rushed on, headlong: "One whose book is selling by the thousands, one whose name is on the lips of everyone who reads, whose picture may be found in magazines and in the papers, whose every childish prank has been depicted for the multitude. Oh—" She was sobbing frenziedly. "Ted, I—I didn't write that book." She held to the lapels of his coat. "I didn't write it, Ted; I couldn't write a decent paragraph to save my life. It's all a beastly sordid plot—a trick!" She was crying softly against his shoulder. "Now you will hate me, and—Oh, I—I love you so!"

He held her close, kissing the soft shining curls, the tear-wet eyes, and the sweet tremulous mouth. She reached up and touched his cheek.

"Whatever was done," he said after a long silence, "you could not have done it; I think you could not have prevented it."

"I must tell you, Ted. Yes, you must let me tell you. You—you still love me a little?"

"More than ever, honey." He was smiling happily. She imagined she found a great relief in his face, as though he had feared some impending catastrophe, and had suddenly discovered his fears to be groundless.

"Mother is a kind of a—a—"

"—a Roman?"

"Yes, Ted," she smiled wanly; "a Roman. Dad is a sort of dreamer, but a dear—like you, Ted. Don't kiss me until I have finished—wait! Where was I? Dad had a little electrical shop, and pattered with his foolish inventions. Not so able, nor so successful, but happy, dear; and that counts for so much. Let me talk—I'll never get through if you keep on kissing me; you can kiss me afterward. Wait, Ted.

"Mother made him sell out, sold his shop, sold the home. I suppose she got twenty thousand for all of it. In five years she

ran that into a vast fortune. I think it was mainly Florida real estate. Mother usually gets what she goes after."

Bettina waved her hand toward the Crosby estate. "After *that* mother waited, but people—the people—drove by the beautiful gate. Do you see, Ted?"

The Hermit nodded.

"I didn't seem to care for the social stuff, which of course made it harder for mother, but obstacles for mother are only stepping stones to success.

"Literary people always have entree. Therefore I must write a book, I must be famous. Everything that mother did she did for me. Few people have ever prevailed against her will. A book—even an ordinary book—may be so advertised as to sell, and sell extensively.

"Mother finally found a struggling author with a novel—a sort of bureau drawer masterpiece. You know, Ted?"

"Yes, I know," said the Hermit ruefully; "most novels are bureau drawer masterpieces."

"So she bought it; for a thousand dollars she bought 'Angela Comes Alive' from Mr. Arlo Anderson. All rights to it—authorship, royalties, everything. Ted, I knew nothing about it until the book was out. I never saw Mr. Anderson, I hope I—I *never* see him, but there is no probability that he will keep quiet now that the book is a hit. And when Arlo Anderson *does* show up—Oh Ted, I'm afraid!"

"Why worry; didn't your mother buy the thing?"

"Yes, but—"

"Hadh't she the legal right to do what she did?"

"Yes."

"Then everyone can know."

"Ted, you're a dreamer, and a dear, but you don't see very far ahead. When people find out that Bettina Crosby, advertised author of 'Angela Comes Alive,' did not write the novel they are going to laugh me off the face of the earth. I c-can't stand it. Arlo Anderson will come back, there will be blackmail—"

"No, sweetheart!"

"I want to get away from it, to hide; Oh, to have been a party to such a hoax! Don't you hate me, Ted? You're so fine, so clean, so honorable; can you love me now? Why, you're crying, dear; what is it?"

"Just tears of happiness, honey. Will you marry me, Betty, if my book lands?"

"Yes—whether it lands or not; I won't be able to help myself."

"May I kiss you now?"

"Umph humph."

Slim shadows of palm trees lengthened across the inlet.

"I'm coming up tonight, Betty; may I?"

"Umph humph." The girl laughed a little. "Mother will be surprised when she discovers that my long-shoreman, as she calls you, is Ted Meredith."

"Yes, your mother will be surprised," said Ted.

Mrs. Meredith has taken mother up, as you know," said Bettina, "and people—the people—do not pass the gate any more."

"Fine," said the Hermit; "I'll bring mother tonight."

"Ted—you can't; you've never been home since—since—"

"Since the Governor gave me the gate, but he told me to bring home an opportunity, and I'm going to do it."

"You came here to be near your mother, Ted, didn't you?"

"Sure. No one knows me around here; I've been away at school. Besides, the outfit—and the blue goggles—made up a satisfactory camouflage. I'm taking home an opportunity today, Betty, and I think the Governor will be glad to see me."

Mrs. Caroline Crosby bit off the sunny side of a peach and chewed contentedly. Bettina, with fair young face upturned, transfixed, studied the golden moon. Her mother's voice broke into her reverie:

"Mrs. Meredith is coming over tonight, Bettina."

"How nice," said Bettina.

"And she's bringing her son, who has just come home. Mrs. Meredith has spoken so often of her son. I hope you like him."

"Umph humph," said Bettina.

"I have been harboring a faint hope," continued Mrs. Crosby tentatively, "that young Mr. Meredith might take the place of your long-shoreman."

"Me too," said Bettina.

"Your conduct, my dear, with that creature has been little short of reprehensible. It has been a source of disappointment to me. The Merediths, as you know, are—"

But Mrs. Crosby didn't finish, for a motor car, swinging into the drive, swept the magnificent porch with a sudden flare of light. Bettina fled, and her mother went out to meet them.

The two women pecked each other perfunctorily on the cheek, and then the hostess held out her hand to the gentleman who had been proudly introduced as "my son." She saw a faultlessly attired young man with frank blue eyes and a most engaging smile on his bronzed, handsome face. "Mr. Anderson!" she gasped "—Arlo Anderson! How in the world—"

Ted shook the limp hand. "Not at all," he said, winking portentously, "Mr. Meredith."

"But you—"

"Ted, you rascal," broke in his mother, "what kind of a game have you been playing?"

"Just a little joke on Mrs. Crosby." He winked again.

Anyone who has run twenty thousand dollars into a million cannot by any stretch of imagination be considered simple. Mrs Crosby laughed. "It was a happy laugh, a laugh full of pent-up emotions, of relief.

"Ted has written a book," said Mrs. Meredith happily, "and the publishers have just accepted it—and sent him a check. His father is very proud of him."

"Isn't that fine?" said Mrs. Crosby.

"And I thought it would be so nice if he and Bettina—you see, both are interested in literature."

"Ye-es," said Mrs. Crosby.

"You see—" Ted squared his shoulders "—your daughter has done me the honor to promise to marry me, and—"

Mrs. Crosby gasped again. "She—she never saw you!"

Young Meredith smiled at her. She considered the deep blue of his eyes, the even white teeth, and the shoulders. "The Hermit!"

He nodded. "Sure."

"I'm sunk," said Mrs. Crosby.

They heard a light step and knew that Bettina was coming. Ted Meredith turned quickly to his prospective mother-in-law. "Arlo Anderson is dead," he breathed, "forever and ever."

"Amen!" said Mrs. Crosby.

Washington, D. C.

My Guide

Unworthily I tread the path toward God,

Though oft my tears rain down upon the mountain sod.

The Master's footsteps I but dimly trace,

And yet I follow meekly, through his grace;

I needs must travel brier and thicket, marsh and flood,

Whate'er betide, I know that God is good.

I know my Lord has passed along this way,

Submitting to his Father's will—his hope and stay.

I wander far afield and heavy grows my load,

But love divine fresh vision gives to see the road

Where flowers and fragrant roses strew the beaten track;

I whisper thanks to him who draws me back.

The Christ life beckons ever up the grassy slopes

Toward peace and calm content and heightened hopes;

I proudly gird my armour on, renew the fight,

Since he has promised strength and power to do the right—

Though friends forsake and I may seem alone,

His tender Spirit will be there to fortify my own.

KERSHAW N. WHITE.

Salt Lake City

HISTORY OF OLD BRUNO

BY JOSEPH J. PORTER, FOREST RANGER.

For a number of years an old grizzly bear roamed over the Escalante mountain, killing stock wherever he went, and terrorizing everyone he met. Cowboys, forest rangers, campers, in fact everyone who rode over the mountain, were on the alert for old Bruno, hoping sometimes to meet up with him and get in a fatal shot. Every camper, on retiring for the night, slept as the old saying is, "with one eye open," watching for old Bruno that he might not call on them when they were asleep.

But finally the time came that he did catch two forest rangers asleep in their tent. These rangers were Ambrose Shurtz and myself. They had planned a trip around in the head of North Creek where they were to meet at a certain date, before going to Escalante after supplies. After having been out in his district for about two weeks, Ranger Shurtz arrived. While coming in he passed the Willow Bottom reservoir which was located at the head of Twitchell Creek, a branch of North Creek. The reservoir was full and the dam was about to break, but he went on down the creek and selected a nice place to camp in a grassy flat by some willows where a ranch, or rather a dairy, was once located. He hobbled his horses out on the grass, pitched his tent and got camp fixed up in fine shape when Ranger Porter rolled in about three p. m.

They had a little chat and luncheon, then decided to go down to the brook and catch a mess of trout to take home the next day. After fixing up the fishing tackle, they went down to the brook, and returned to camp in a couple of hours, each with a nice string of trout.

By this time it was dark and had begun to rain, so the saddles were piled, with guns strapped onto them, at the foot of the bed to keep them out of the wet. The rangers sat on the bed talking about their luck catching the trout, about their trip through their districts, and about the weather. During this time they had been cleaning the trout, and when they had finished, the refuse from the fish was thrown just outside of the tent door, and the trout were placed just inside of the tent.

The rangers waited for some time for the rain to cease so they could build a campfire and prepare some supper, but it continued to pour down so they decided to go to bed without eating. Just before retiring for the night Ranger Porter stepped to the tent door, and on looking around said, "I'd like to see old Bruno step out on the flat." "Why?" asked Ranger Shurtz. "O," Porter answered, "so I could get on him and take a ride," and laughed.

Porter soon fell asleep. A short time after Shurtz awakened Porter and wanted to move the camp up on the side hill. He had been

thinking about the reservoir at the head of the creek, and thought it would break the dam and come down the canyon and wash them away. After talking hard Porter convinced Shurtz that they would hear it coming and would have time to move before it reached them in case the dam broke. Porter was soon asleep again, but it was not long until Shurtz awakened him. Porter asked, "What in the world is wrong with you? Have you the jim jams?" Shurtz said there was nothing wrong with him only he couldn't go to sleep. "Something has knocked the guy ropes from the tent and let it fall in my face, and I'm going to fix it," he added. Porter advised him to tuck the tent down around the bed and not go out in the wet, as he might catch cold, "but for goodness sake, let me go to sleep." They lay down again and Porter was soon asleep, for he was tired from his long day's ride over the range.

In just a few minutes Shurtz gave Porter a sharp poke in the ribs and exclaimed, "Porter, for heaven's sake, look at that big bear!" Porter opened his eyes and there stood the big grizzly about a third of the way into the tent. Porter covered up his head and thought of all the mean things he had ever done, while Shurtz was trying to crawl under him. "Here! Don't crowd me out of bed," he said, and then got up courage enough to peek out from under the covers. There stood old Bruno calmly eating up the fish and looking around at the rangers. The men lay very still and watched him. After eating all the fish he lapped out the dish and licked his chops with his long tongue, then looked down at the rangers as if to say, "Lie still. I am boss here." There was nothing for the men to do but lie still. The bear was so near that Porter could have reached out and touched him with his fingers. Shurtz had a quarter of mutton hanging on a tent pole and the old bear would look up at it and then back at the rangers. Shurtz said, "Porter, he is going to get my mutton. What shall I do?" Porter replied, "Well, let him have it. I am not going to try to stop him."

Apparently the bear had only come for something to eat, and began to move off slowly. He had no sooner started than the rangers jumped for their guns, but Porter could not find his gun, and was rummaging frantically for it. "Why, you have hold of it now, pull it out," Shurtz shouted. Porter must have been "some" rattled.

Bruno had gone about twenty yards when the rangers fired. With a growl and a jump he was gone—the shots had missed their mark.

The rangers sat in the tent awhile talking about the adventure. Shurtz asked, "Porter, why didn't you ride him?" Porter replied, "I couldn't find my spurs." They went to bed, but they confessed that they didn't sleep much for fear of old Bruno coming back.

Early in the morning the rangers went out to see if they had hit the bear, but could find no trace of any blood. They tracked him across the creek, and saw where he had sat down, scratched around in

the dirt and then gone out through the timber. The rangers went back to camp, got breakfast, rangled their horses, put on their packs, and started for Escalante, feeling sorry about the loss of the fish and the fact that they had missed old Bruno, but glad that they were alive.

After traveling about twenty miles down North Creek, the rangers came to Escalante, a town of approximately 1,110 people. A big baseball game was on, so after taking care of their outfits, the rangers, of course, went to see the game. They told of their experience with old Bruno, which caused quite a sensation in the crowd, and they gathered around to hear the story. The crowd listened with great interest until the story was finished, then each began to express his opinion and tell what he would have done under the same circumstances. One man in particular, Ranger Shurtz's brother, Don C. Shurtz, said that if he "had been there he would have had old Bruno's pelt hanging on the fence now." Others said they would have thrown a blanket over his head and then cut his throat with a knife. Some said they would have shouted and given a jump at him, and in that case he would have broken his neck to get away. But one old bear hunter said that the rangers had done the right thing by keeping still, and not bothering him, for if they had bothered him, the bear would have killed them. The rangers felt that the old hunter was right, as the bear didn't look to them as if he was a coward.

Mr. Don C. Shurtz seemed the most anxious to get a shot at old Bruno, so Ranger Porter told him that he was going back in a few days and would like to have him go along. Mr. Shurtz was going on the mountain to take out a load of salt for his cattle, and if Mr. Porter would go around with him he would go with Porter and get the bear, and the plan was agreed upon. Mr. Shurtz was one of the first settlers of Escalante, is a good marksman, and quite a sport.

After getting their supplies and outfit ready, Mr. Shurtz and Mr. Porter left Escalante about ten o'clock one morning, going up the right hand fork of North Creek. After a day's travel they camped at the hog ranch, where Mr. Shurtz' cattle were located. The salt was put out for the cattle, camp prepared, and they sat down to supper. While they were eating, Mr. Shurtz said, "Sit still. Do not move!" Porter did not know what was up. Shurtz raised his gun and fired—lo and behold, there was a fine big buck deer passing by. As it was dark, the shot missed its mark and the deer got off free.

The hunters soon retired for an uneventful night. Next morning Mr. Shurtz got breakfast while Mr. Porter rangled the horses and packed up, so they were soon on their journey. After a few hours' ride they came to the spot where old Bruno gave the rangers the scare. They pitched their tent, took care of their horses, and were soon down at the creek catching a mess of trout for supper. They returned in a couple of hours with a nice string of trout, which they soon had frying over the campfire. These men thought they would eat the fish before old Bruno had a chance at them. Porter showed Shurtz where

they had their experience with the bear. Shurtz sized up the situation and made the remark that "they would get him tonight if he came."

After sitting around the campfire for awhile, talking about the topics of the times, they went to bed to await results. Mr. Porter, thinking Mr. Shurtz would want the best position, suggested that Shurtz sleep at the front of the bed, but he declined saying, he "would not sleep on the side next to the tent door for a thousand dollars." Mr. Shurtz began to show signs of cold feet, and was not half so brave when it came to the real thing. Porter had to take the front of the bed.

In a short time Shurtz was asleep and snoring. Porter lay there awake for probably two hours, when suddenly he heard the underbrush begin to crackle as something came down the side hill. He listened, thinking perhaps it might be one of the horses coming into camp. All at once he heard a growl. He gave Shurtz a poke in the ribs and exclaimed, "There is old Bruno." Shurtz raised up in bed, grabbing his gun and said, "Gee! Where is he?" and began to work the lever of his gun and threw all of the cartridges out upon the ground. Being awakened so quickly, he did not know what he was doing. The clicking of the gun had alarmed the bear and Porter heard him hurry off down the mountain side.

Next morning bright and early Mr. Shurtz went out to see where the bear had been. He thought Porter was just trying to fool him. In a moment Shurtz called from back of the tent, "Porter, come here quick and look." Porter went, and there were old Bruno's tracks where he had come up behind the tent, then whirled and run.

Mr. Shurtz said, "Now, Porter, if you won't tell this on me, I will give you the best cow I own." Porter thought it was too good to keep, so when they got to town he sprang the story and the fellows gave Shurtz the laugh. Even the little boys would holler at him and ask him if he had old Bruno's pelt hanging on the fence.

After Don Shurtz had told the experience he had had with old Bruno, Mr. Andrew Morton and Mr. Ben Tanner decided they were the ones to get him and pledged themselves to each other that they would stay on old Bruno's trail until he was brought to justice. After equipping themselves with special guns, revolvers, butcher knives, traps and pack outfit, they started out with brave hearts to find old Bruno's trail. Not long after reaching the mountain they found fresh signs where the old bear had been. They started in pursuit, thinking every moment they would overtake their prey. But like others who had sworn vengeance on old Bruno, they camped on his trail for days, and for weeks, old Bruno giving them the slip every time. They trailed him back and forth from Cannon mountain to the east end of the Boulder mountain, a distance of about 150 miles, setting traps on his trail, but old Bruno continued to evade them. Finally they located a place along the trail where the bear would always go through between two huge rocks at the point of the ledge. They decided to set

a gun for him, with a string attached to the trigger, so when the bear came along and struck the string it would set off the gun and kill him. After setting the gun and getting everything fixed in proper shape, they went back into another part of the range to await results. A few days later they returned to see what had happened, or rather to see what success they had had from the snare. There had been a great mix-up. Old Bruno had run into the snare and received the full contents of the gun, and had torn things up until the place looked as if a cyclone had struck it. But Bruno had made his escape. The hunters trailed him for about sixty miles, and although his tracks showed that he was traveling on three legs, they could not overtake him. They decided to go to Escalante for supplies and take up the trail again later. However, while they were away, a storm came up and when they returned the old bear's tracks had been entirely obliterated. They said that while they had been on the old bear's trail they found where he had killed 38 head of cattle in ten days. Being wounded, old Bruno did not show up for some time. Mr. Morton caught a few small bear while on his trip, but he had to give old Bruno up.

The time finally came when old Bruno "hit the dust." In the spring of 1916 Mr. Reuben Jolly and Mr. Chess Riddle, from Coyote, went out on the west mountain to look after their stock. About seven miles from town they ran onto the old outlaw. A fierce fight was soon on. The boys were well armed and began to shoot. The bear took after them, but the boys stood their ground for awhile until he got too close for comfort. They brought him to the ground several times, but old Bruno would rally and come again. After chasing back and forth through the timber and rocks for about three hours, the fatal shot was fired that put old Bruno to the bad.

After taking his pelt they made an examination and discovered that they had shot him about thirty times. He weighed 1400 pounds and was very fat.

Mr. Jolly and Mr. Riddle were lucky, as the stockmen had offered a reward of \$500 for old Bruno, which was soon paid. Mr. Riddle, of Coyote, had the old bear's pelt tanned and is using it for a rug. It is a fine specimen to see.

Now, when any one goes out on the mountain they can lie down and sleep without having any fear of the old outlaw bothering them.

There are a great many other circumstances that could be mentioned about old Bruno, but thinking perhaps you are tired reading this kind of history, will bring my story to a close.

Escalante. Utah.



Mr. and Mrs. William Harrison Homer

THE PASSING OF MARTIN HARRIS

BY WILLIAM HARRISON HOMER

[Brother William Harrison Homer, who has written the following testimony concerning Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon, was born in 1845. He filled a mission in Great Britain in 1867-69. He has lived an honorable life of great activity. He and his good wife, who celebrated their golden wedding anniversary several years ago, are still living in fair health on Provo Bench. It was the privilege of Brother Homer to hear the testimony of Martin Harris under the unique conditions here described. "To hear Brother Homer relate the testimony of Martin Harris," says Dr. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve, "is a thrilling experience. The witnesses to the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon have passed into the spirit world, and not many remain who have heard their testimony. The unusual experience of Brother Homer is of great historical interest and is faith-promoting. Brother Homer's testimony is of itself convincing for, as he speaks, the fire of full knowledge touches all who listen; and he delights to repeat Martin Harris' testimony, and to bear his own to the truth of the Book of Mormon." *The Improvement Era* takes pleasure in reproducing the testimony herewith.—EDITORS.]

I first saw Martin Harris in Kirtland, Ohio, about the last of December, 1869. On my return from a mission in England I stopped to visit some of my relatives in Pennsylvania. On resuming my journey, one of my cousins, James A. Crockett, who was not a member of the Church, came as far as Kirtland, Ohio, with me. We remained in Kirtland over night and the next morning after breakfast, we asked the landlord who was custodian of the Mormon temple at Kirtland and he informed us that Martin Harris was custodian, and pointed out to us where we would find the old gentleman. Accordingly we went to the door and knocked. In answer to our knock there came to the door of the cottage a poorly clad, emaciated little man,

on whom the winter of life was weighing heavily. It was Martin Harris. In his face might be read the story of his life. There were the marks of spiritual upliftment. There were the marks of keen disappointment. There was the hunger strain for the peace, the contentment, the divine calm that it seemed could come no more into his life. It was a pathetic figure, and yet it was a figure of strength. For with it all there was something about the little man which revealed the fact that he had lived richly, that into his life had entered such noble experiences as come to the lives of but few.

I introduced myself modestly as a brother-in-law of Martin Harris, Jr.—as he had married my eldest sister—and as an Elder of the Church who was returning from a foreign mission. The effect of the introduction was electric. The fact of relationship was overwhelmed by the fact of Utah citizenship. The old man bristled with vindictiveness. "One of those Brighamite 'Mormons,' are you?" he snapped. Then he railed impatiently against Utah and the founder of the "Mormon" commonwealth. It was in vain that I tried to turn the old man's attention to his family. Martin Harris seemed to be obsessed. He would not understand that there stood before him a man who knew his wife and children, who had followed the Church to Utah.

After some time, however, the old man said, "You want to see the Temple, do you?" "Yes, indeed," I exclaimed, "If we may." "Well, I'll get the key." From that moment, Martin Harris, in spite of occasional outbursts, radiated with interest. He led us through the rooms of the Temple and explained how they were used. He pointed out the place of the School of the Prophets. He showed where the Temple curtain had at one time hung. He related thrilling experiences in connection with the history of the sacred building. In the basement, as elsewhere, there were many signs of dilapidation; the plaster had fallen off the ceilings and the walls; windows were broken; the woodwork was stained and marred. Whether it was the influence of these conditions or not, it is difficult to tell, but here again, Martin Harris was moved to speak against the Utah "Mormons." An injustice, a gross injustice had been done to him. He should have been chosen President of the Church.

When the old man was somewhat exhausted, I asked, "Is it not true that you were once very prominent in the Church, that you gave liberally of your means, and that you were active in the performance of your duties?" "That is very true," replied Martin Harris, "Things were alright then. I was honored while the people were here, but now that I am old and poor it is all different."

"Really," I replied, "how can that be?" "What about your testimony to the Book of Mormon? Do you still believe that the Book of Mormon is true and that Joseph Smith was a Prophet?" Again the effect was electric. A changed old man stood before me. It

was no longer a man with an imagined grievance. It was a man with a message, a man with a noble conviction in his heart, a man inspired of God and endowed with divine knowledge. Through the broken window of the Temple shone the winter sun, clear and radiant.

"Young man," answered Martin Harris with impressiveness, "Do I believe it! Do you see the sun shining! Just as surely as the sun is shining on us and gives us light, and the sun and stars give us light by night, just as surely as the breath of life sustains us, so surely do I know that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God, chosen of God to open the last dispensation of the fulness of times; so surely do I know that the Book of Mormon was divinely translated. I saw the plates; I saw the Angel; I heard the voice of God. I know that the Book of Mormon is true and that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God, I might as well doubt my own existence as to doubt the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon or the divine calling of Joseph Smith." It was a sublime moment. It was a wonderful testimony. We were thrilled to the very roots of our hair. The shabby, emaciated little man before us was transformed as he stood with hand outstretched toward the sun of heaven. A halo seemed to encircle him. A divine fire glowed in his eyes. His voice throbbed with the sincerity and the conviction of his message. It was the real Martin Harris whose burning testimony no power on earth could quench. It was the most thrilling moment of my life.

I asked Martin Harris how he could bear so wonderful a testimony after having left the Church. He said, "Young man, I never did leave the Church, the Church left me."

Martin Harris was now in a softer mood. He turned to me and asked "Who are you?" I explained again our relationship. "So, my son Martin married your sister," repeated the old man, shaking my hand. "You know my family then?" "Yes," I replied, "Wouldn't you like to see your family again?" "I should like to see Caroline and the children," mused Martin, naming over the children, "But I cannot, I am too poor." "That need not stand in the way," I answered. President Young would be only too glad to furnish means to convey you to Utah." "Don't talk Brigham Young," warned Harris; "he would not do anything that was right." "Send him a message by me," I persisted, now deeply concerned in the project. "No," declared Harris emphatically, "yet I should like to see my family." "Then entrust me with the message," I pleaded. Martin Harris paused. "Well," he said slowly, "I believe I will. You call on Brigham Young. Tell him about our visit. Tell him that Martin Harris is an old, old man, living on charity with his relatives. Tell him I should like to visit Utah, my family, my children—I would be glad to accept help from the Church, but I want no personal favor. Wait! Tell him that if he sends money, he must send enough for the round trip. I should not want to remain in Utah." For

25 years he had nursed the old grudge against the leaders of the Church, probably because nobody had had the patience with him that I had shown.

After we had bidden Martin Harris goodbye, and had taken a few steps from the Temple, my cousin placed his hands on my shoulders and said, "Wait a minute." Looking me squarely in the eyes he said, "I can testify that the Book of Mormon is true. There is something within me that tells me that the old man told the truth. I know the Book of Mormon is true."

In due time, I reached my home in the Seventh ward in Salt Lake City, I recounted to my father the experience with Martin Harris, and we two set out immediately to report at the office of President Young. The president received us very graciously. He listened attentively to my recital of my visit with Martin Harris. President Young asked questions now and again, to make clear on certain points. Then, when the story was told, he said, and it seemed to me that he beamed with pleasure, "I want to say this: I was never more gratified over any message in my life. Send for him! Yes, even if it were to take the last dollar of my own. Martin Harris spent his time and money freely when one dollar was worth more than one thousand dollars are worth now. Send for him! Yes indeed I shall send! Rest assured, Martin Harris will be here in time. It was Martin Harris who gave the Prophet Joseph Smith the first money to assist in the translation of the Book of Mormon. Martin Harris was the first scribe to assist in the translation of the Book from the original plates as dictated by the prophet who was led by the Holy Ghost. It was Martin Harris who was called by revelation to assist in the selection and ordination of the first Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, of the newly organized Church. It was Martin Harris who was called upon to accompany the prophet to Missouri to assist in the selection of the land of consecration. Martin Harris also aided in the selection of the First High Council in the Church, and he was a member of said Council. When the new presidency of the Church was chosen Martin Harris felt greatly dissappointed, that he was not called to leadership, but Martin Harris never denied the faith, never affiliated with any other sect or denomination, but when the Church came West, Martin Harris remained behind. It is true that Martin Harris did not apostatize; he was never tried for his fellowship; he was never excommunicated."

During the summer of 1870, Elder Edward Stevenson was authorized to collect money by subscription to bring Martin Harris to Utah. About two hundred dollars were raised; and on August 30, 1870, Martin Harris arrived in Salt Lake City, in the company of Elder Stevenson.

When Martin Harris reached Salt Lake City, he visited Brigham Young at his home. They became reconciled, and Martin Harris was

invited to speak in the Tabernacle, and he bore a faithful testimony. He went to Smithfield, and later to Clarkston and made his home with his son, Martin Harris, Jr., and in course of time he returned to full fellowship and communion with the Saints.

Early in July, 1875, five years after he had come to Utah, Martin Harris was stricken with a kind of paralysis. It was the venerable witness' last illness, but through it all he remained true to his faith. At that time I and my small family lived in Clarkston. With other members of the Clarkston ward, I called at the Harris home to relieve them in the care of the old man.

We began to think that he had borne his last testimony. The last audible words he had spoken were something about the Book of Mormon but we could not understand what it was, but these were not the aged witness' last words.

The next day, July 10, 1875, marked the end. It was in the evening. It was milking time, and Martin Harris, Jr., and his wife, Nancy Homer Harris, had gone out to milk and to do the evening's chores. In the house with the stricken man were left my mother, Eliza Williamson Homer, and myself, who had had so interesting a day with Martin Harris at Kirtland. I stood by the bedside holding the patient's right hand and my mother at the foot of the bed. Martin Harris had been unconscious for a number of days. When we first entered the room the old gentleman appeared to be sleeping. He soon woke up and asked for a drink of water. I put my arm under the old gentleman, raised him, and my mother held the glass to his lips. He drank freely, then he looked up at me and recognized me. He said, "I know you. You are my friend." He said, "Yes, I did see the plates on which the Book of Mormon was written; I did see the angel; I did hear the voice of God; and I do know that Joseph Smith is a Prophet of God, holding the keys of the Holy Priesthood." This was the end. Martin Harris, divinely-chosen witness of the work of God, relaxed, gave up my hand. He lay back on his pillow and just as the sun went down behind the Clarkston mountains, the soul of Martin Harris passed on. When Martin Harris, Jr., and his wife returned to the house they found that their father had passed away, but in the passing, Martin Harris, favored of God, repeated an irrefutable testimony of the divine inspiration and the prophetic genius of the great Prophet, Joseph Smith.

(Signed) WILLIAM HARRISON HOMER.

Signed in the presence of Mrs. W. H. Homer, Joseph Homer, Leah Widtsoe, John A. Widtsoe.

THE WORLD COURT

BY J. M. SJODAHL

Now that the Permanent Court of International Justice has obtained recognition by our government, through action of the U. S. Senate in harmony with public opinion, a brief statement concerning the Court may be of interest.

The principle underlying a world court is very old. We find it embodied in the Amphictyonic Council of the Greeks, centuries before our era, which was a league of tribes, at first for religious purposes but later for the maintenance of certain intertribal political rights. Thus, the Amphictyony of Delphi consisted of twelve tribes, not to say nations, with their colonies. Their representatives, two from each tribe, with full voting power, and deputies who might speak but not vote, met twice a year. They sought to mitigate the horrors of war by an agreement not to destroy any city of the League, nor to cut off its water supply during war, and they bound themselves to observe certain intertribal principles of right, and to unite in punishing any member of the League that should violate the agreements. This remarkable association of tribes might have developed into a brotherhood of nations, had not the Roman militarism prevailed against Greek culture, as the Prophet Daniel says of the "fourth beast," that it should do: "And [it] shall devour the whole earth, and shall tread it down, and break it in pieces." (Dan. 7:23.)

In modern times the principle of international justice instead of war has been advocated by such men as Erasmus, the great Biblical scholar, Grotius, Emanuel Kant, Henry IV, of France, and others. In 1832 the senate of Massachusetts adopted a resolution favoring some mode of amicable adjustment of international disputes, and that has ever been the American ideal.

In 1898, when European militarism was felt as an intolerable burden, the Russian government invited the great powers to a conference on "mediation and voluntary arbitration." The representatives of most of the powers came to that congress, which convened at the Hague in 1899, with doubts as to the possibility of obtaining any results, but the American delegates were instructed by the Secretary of State, John Hay, to propose a plan for an international tribunal. This was thought to represent the sentiment of the United States at that time, as it, no doubt, did.

Very little was accomplished at the first conference at the Hague, but a beginning had been made to prepare the way for the Prince of Peace.

A second congress was held at the Hague in 1907. At that time, Elihu Root was secretary of state, and his instructions to the

American delegates were to endeavor to bring about "a development of the Hague Tribunal into a permanent tribunal composed of judges who are judicial officers and nothing else, who are paid adequate salaries, who have no other occupation, and who will devote their entire time to the trial and decision of international causes by judicial methods." From which it is clear that the American government almost twenty years ago went on record as favoring a court of international justice. The Hague congress "recommended" the adoption of that project, and the intention was to take the matter up at a third Hague conference in 1915, but, alas! then the world war held the stage, and no room was found for the Prince of Peace.

The first part of the Versailles peace treaty, which, by the way, was rejected by the United States, contains what is known as the Covenant of the League of Nations. The organic constituents of this League are three: the Assembly, the Council and the permanent Secretariat. The World Court is not a part of the League in the same sense as the three institutions just mentioned. It is not, in the same sense, enacted by the Covenant.

But article XVI of the Covenant provides for the establishment of a court. That article reads:

"The Council shall formulate and submit to the members of the League for adoption plans for the establishment of a Permanent Court of International Justice. The Court shall be competent to hear and determine any dispute of an international character which the parties thereto submit to it. The Court may also give an advisory opinion upon any dispute or question referred to it by the Council or by the Assembly."

Pursuant to this provision, the Council on Feb. 13, 1920, appointed a committee of jurists to formulate a plan of organization. One of the eleven members of this committee was Elihu Root, our former distinguished Secretary of State. The other members were jurists of equally high standing.

The plan drafted was examined by the Council, at its meeting July 30-Aug. 4, 1920, submitted to the interested governments and approved by the Council at Brussels, Oct. 20-29, and by the Assembly at Geneva, Dec. 13, 1920. The draft was then appended to a protocol, which was submitted to the various nations for ratification. Ratifications came in promptly from forty-eight nations, and the Assembly and Council, on Sept. 14-15, 1921, selected eleven judges and four deputy judges, and thus the dream of ages became a reality: the rising on the still smouldering ruins left by the war flames, a Permanent Court of International Justice. Hans Max Huber, then president of the Swiss republic, was made the president of the court. One of the members is John Bassett Moore, a distinguished American jurist.

On Feb. 24, 1923, President Harding transmitted to the U. S. Senate a message in which he sought the advice and consent of that body to ratify the protocol, with certain reservations.

On Dec. 17, 1925, the Senate began the consideration of the resolution, and on Jan. 27, 1926, it was passed by the overwhelming majority of 76 to 17. It was an entirely non-partisan vote, 40 Republicans and 36 Democrats voting in the affirmative, and 14 Republicans, 2 Democrats and 1 Farmer-Labor party, in the negative.

The court has rendered some important services in the form of judgments and legal opinions. One of the most notable is, perhaps, the dispute between Great Britain and Turkey concerning the boundary line between Turkey and the British mandate Irak. The Court gave the opinion that the Council had jurisdiction, and the Council, after thorough investigation, sustained the contention of Great Britain.

In the dispute between Greece and Turkey regarding the inclusion of the patriarch of Constantinople among the Greek nationals to be deported, Greece appealed to the League of Nations, whereupon Turkey withdrew the documents relative to expulsion of members of the Holy Synod. Negotiations concerning the matter were resumed between Greece and Turkey, and the matter was settled.

The very existence of the Court is a factor for peace. It is, as President Coolidge recently has said, a judicial and not a political institution. The members are selected for their ability and integrity. None of them represents any one country, politically, but everyone of them represents justice and equity in controversies between nations, as our own courts do, in controversies between individuals. It is a safe institution, destined to do for the great family of nations in the world what the Supreme Court of the United States is doing for the family of States. It is the great American ideal applied to world-questions for the furtherance of civilization, and making possible the coming of the kingdom of the Prince of Peace.

Since the passing of the World Court resolution by the U. S. Senate, opponents have announced their intention of launching a campaign, with the object in view of electing a sufficient number of anti-administration senators to reconsider the resolution and reverse the decision. As part of this campaign, a Washington lawyer, Mr. Benjamin Catchings, on Feb. 8, 1926, began proceedings in the U. S. Supreme Court, asking for permission "to file suit requiring Secretary Kellog to show cause why he should not be restrained from consummating this country's entrance into the world tribunal." His contention is that the action taken by the Senate is "unconstitutional"—a contention which seems to reflect on the intelligence of all who were on the affirmative side, including President Coolidge and all who, in this matter, followed his lead, and among these were both our Utah senators.

It is to be hoped the U. S. Supreme Court will take the matter up. A decision on a ruling by that authority would set the controversy at rest among all but those who, like the distinguished gentleman that was thrown out of heaven, have made up their minds to fight for their cause, right or wrong.

JOSEPH SMITH, AND THE GREAT WEST

THE "MORMON" STAKE IN GENERAL GRANT'S GREAT MESSAGE AT FORT NELSON OF "UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER"

BY I. K. RUSSEL, AUTHOR OF "HIDDEN HEROES OF THE ROCKIES"

VII

Everybody who has noted the facts of the Civil War is aware that the fierce earnestness of the Southern generals, such as Stonewall Jackson, James Longstreet, and Robert E. Lee, gave the North some very bad reverses before the Northern fighters really got their spirit up.

The North took a whipping at Bull Run, another at Harper's Ferry, and at last out of the West came a young general who faced the proud, victorious South with a riding message, "No terms except unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

This great message was a clarion call to the North. Its writer became the hero of the hour—and he was immediately nick-named, "Unconditional Surrender Grant." He struck the note that became Lincoln's slogan from then on until the final end of the war at Appomattox Court House.

At the time Grant uttered this great slogan, Brigham Young, out in Utah, was just sensing a relief from the heavy hand of Federal action through Johnston's army operations. He was pledging Lincoln that "Utah had not seceded," and was organizing troops to guard the overland mail route.

Grant spoke on February 16, 1862. That the "Mormons" in Utah had a vital stake in that message from the North's first successful general, at the moment he was about to strike for his first notable victory, we are likely to remain ignorant of,—that is, unless we re-read the whole story of American progress to find the roles played in it by those who aided, and those who greatly hindered and thwarted "Mormon" growth.

The message was not one that Grant sent out of a mere sense of vainglory. He wasn't that kind of a soldier. There was a man in the fort he was about to attack whom he especially wanted to capture—and capture alive. He was a man Grant did not want to kill in battle. He was a man Grant called a "traitor." In Washington he was a man known as a fugitive awaiting trial. He was, in short, the worst enemy the "Mormon" people had had since their Prophet was martyred in Illinois, and they had fled for peace and relief to the midst of the Rocky Mountains.

Every early citizen of Utah knew his name, for Camp Floyd, the camping ground of Johnston's army, was named after him. Later

the name was taken away by order of the U. S. Government, for Floyd, for whom the name was given, was considered unfit to be honored by his Government.¹

It just happens that of all the charges brought against the "Mormon" people; the charges that Brigham Young was disloyal and traitorous in assulting an army of the United States, when sent to garrison Utah, a part of the Union, has been the most persistent.

Last year a "best seller," biography of *Brigham Young*,² appeared in which this charge was most heavily presented. And all manner of fun was poked at Brigham Young, for "twiddling his fingers at Uncle Sam." It just happens, also, that the best witness for Brigham Young, and the claim of the "Mormon" people that the charges on which Johnston's army was sent to Utah were fabricated, and constituted a "smoke screen" to disguise a deeper motive, is General U. S. Grant. Pages 308 to 312 of *Grant's Memoirs*, Volume I, clear up the record of Brigham Young's actions as no other witness could.

Grant wanted that same Floyd who sent Johnston's Army to Utah when he demanded the unconditional surrender of Fort Donelson. Floyd was its commander. Right back of him, commanding the next great force of Southern soldiers was General ——— guess who? General Albert Sidney Johnston. Grant did not get Floyd. Floyd slunk away in the night—a personal fugitive and left another to attend to the surrender. But Grant pressed on after Floyd, and Floyd's commander, and in seven weeks he had met Floyd's commander at Shiloh and had brought his life to an end in battle.

We have insisted in this series that when Joseph Smith looked to the Great West as a potential part of America, he looked at the country the South had dedicated to slavery as it had dedicated Missouri.

Let us trace some of these lines of pro-slave policy right through from the martyrdom of Joseph Smith to the cry of General Grant, "Unconditional Surrender," as it was aimed at Secretary of War Floyd, of Buchanan's cabinet, who sent Utah her Johnston's army, to seat a southern governor in Brigham Young's place.

First of all there was the Illinois situation. It was all in a muddle to slavery. Governor Ford, who alternated friendship and betrayal in his policy towards Joseph Smith, was a Northern politician of a group friendly to the South.

He was forever honoring Missouri writs, and it was the policy of his group to "stand in with Missouri." His was the same group of pro-slave sympathizers that gave us President Buchanan and a cabinet which approved the sending of an army off to Utah. Other hatreds lent vigor to the storm that formed about the head of Joseph Smith. But the chief molestation was the "Missouri writ" business. When the Prophet said he could see "peace in the West," that idea was as abhorrent to Governor Boggs of Missouri as Joseph Smith's idea of settling Missouri with New Englanders had been.

If the South had a policy of taking California, would it not, then, follow the martyrdom of Joseph Smith by pushing on before the "Mormon" idea, of going west, could be reorganized and put into action?

Boggs off to the West

Well it happens the South did precisely this. And the agent used in the business was this same Governor Lilburn W. Boggs of Missouri. As soon as the prairie trails were passable, after the martyrdom of Joseph Smith, Colonel Stephen W. Kearny received a queer message at Fort Leavenworth.

It was signed by Lilburn W. Boggs. It stated that he, Boggs, was putting off for California, and that he had been informed that he was to be met at the crossing of the Kansas by an armed force of "Mormons" determined to use him up. The arms had even been specified to be brass knuckles and pistols.

Boggs was told to quiet his fears—that the armed protection asked for could not be given. There was a big farewell party in Independence, Missouri, and Boggs pushed off for the West coast. He took a considerable party with him.

Some members of this party preceded the "Mormons" into Utah, but they passed right on with maledictions on its harsh sterility. There remains a splendid narrative by one who saw Bogg's farewell in Independence, and who had a hard time working his way into Utah by way of Ogden canyon. He was thwarted and had to turn back. He retreated until he found a frightened Indian who fled on his approach. But at last he found an Indian trail and won the valley of the Great Salt Lake via Weber canyon. He passed on to the desert and gained California while some immediately following became victims of a blizzard in the Sierras. This narrator of his own and the Bogg's journey is Edwin Bryant, whose book, *Adventures in California* is a classic account of the Fremont rebellion and the conquest of the Mexicans, as well as of the Boggs' expedition.

Boggs was not able to organize California for slavery. The gold rush overwhelmed him. So many whites came that they did not want to see negroes digging for gold beside them, and even Southerners turned against the slavery idea to protect their gold digging operations. Boggs died there before the state government really got under way.

The Mormon Battalion Call

There occurred the call for the "Mormon Battalion." It was a curious call, until one reads it in the knowledge that the president who made it was determined to have a big pro-slave majority in the Far West. "You are authorized to enlist 'Mormons,'" wrote W. L. Marcy, Secretary of War, to Colonel Kearny, "but not, however, to a number exceeding one third of your entire force."

We know where General Kearny got the two non-"Mormons" for every "Mormon." He gained one regiment from Missourians and put them under command of General Sterling Price. He gained another regiment from the same old mobbers of the "Mormons" and put them under command of General Doniphan. Both these generals had figured in the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri and both were to give General Grant a great deal of trouble in the Civil War. In fact Sterling Price's raids were the final worry of Grant as he surrounded Lee before Richmond. General Doniphan was captured earlier in the war and became an unfortunate victim of prison life. Letters from him to my father in Utah many years later tell of his humiliation at having to be body servant to a Northern soldier, while a prisoner of war.

Doniphan's soldiers became too involved about Santa Fe to care about marching on to California. Price pursued Indians down the Rio Grande Valley. The "Mormon Battalion" alone marched on as "The Army of the West" and reached its final destination.

An incident in Santa Fe showed the way mobocratic hatreds still pursued it. General Kearny left an order behind him on his departure with a handful of dragoons for California from Santa Fe, pertaining to the "Mormon Battalion." It was that a dragoon escort be furnished the Battalion. This order was issued because it was contrary to all principles of war for a battalion of infantry to be sent off by itself into enemy country. The only mounted men in Santa Fe were the mounted men of Col. Price's Missouri regiment. Would these mounted Missourians of previous mobocrat experience, serve with the Mormon Battalion? The young lieutenant of Kearny's staff, who conveyed the order to Col. Price, records in his diary that he was met by such sour countenances that he marked the order, "impossible of fulfilment." Thus the Mormon Battalion was left to pursue its lonesome, uncolleagued way, into the Far Western deserts.²

The Battalion had other "buddies" in this war. It had Robert E. Lee, an enthusiastic supporter of the war as a means of expanding slave territory. It had U. S. Grant, a harsh critic of the war, because he did not wish America to gain slave territory. It had William T. Sherman, who was later to become commissary officer for part of it in a march from San Diego to Monterey, on which march he was to learn the art of subsisting off the country without any wagon train. Application of what he learned with the Mormon Battalion was later to make his great march to the sea of triumph. And the man who credits the lessons learned with the Mormon Battalion for the success of that master campaign of the Civil War is no less an authority than Sherman himself.⁴

Members of the Mormon Battalion made their way from California back to Utah and it seemed that peace had come to them as to the rest of the "Saints." They learned how to till the desert and

irrigate it. They reared homes. Captain Davis founded Davis county.

And then Johnston's army came. With it came much powder, much shell, much artillery. Why? They said it was rebellious Brigham Young. History must record the fact that it was part of a conspiracy to get shot and shell and powder out of Northern arsenals against a day that would fulfil a prophecy concerning a Civil War that Joseph Smith had uttered.

And with Johnston's army came a young teamster—inconspicuous at the time, but whose name in another four years was to become the terror of all the Middle West. He was to make Independence, Mo., more notorious even than it had become for the expulsion of the "Mormons," for it was to become the center of origin for the bloody raids that gave us "Bleeding Kansas." In Independence the Civil War was well under way long before Fort Sumpter was fired on, with a Johnston's army teamster as its terrorist leader.

This teamster wrote two letters home to his mother from Great Salt Lake City, and one from Camp Floyd. They are treasured today in Kansas archives as the only glimmer of human sympathy and love that William C. Quantrill, the terror of Independence, ever showed.

Quantrill in Utah

There came a time in the life of Quantrill when he rode into Lawrence, Kansas, setting fire to houses, and killing men and women who came to the doors of their homes to see what it was all about. It sounds like Independence action; the crime of the Kansas inhabitants was that of being Free Staters.

One of the three letters that show a streak of humanity in this predecessor of Jesse James, as gang leader in Missouri, has this paragraph in it:

Great Salt Lake City, Oct. 15, 1858.

Dear Mother:—I arrived here about two weeks ago and I was never so surprised in my life as I was to find a people living here in large cities and towns and farming lands here, which without their untiring labor, would be a desert producing neither grass nor timber, nothing but a few stunted weeds; but they have converted it into fine farms and gardens, by ditching from the mountain streams and watering the whole country. You go to their towns and cities and you find the purest and clearest of spring water coming from the snow capped mountains. They are an industrious people and all hold to their religion in a manner which shows no hypocrisy, and I think their morals are as good as any people I have met with in my travels. I have not seen Brigham Young yet, he has to keep indoors since the war. Of course, they have no religious services and therefore I have no chance to learn much of their religion. * * * The soldiers are camped 45 miles south from the city, in Cedar Valley. * * *

"Your son,

"W. C. Quantrill."

Quite a message to go back to Missouri, wasn't it?

For the rest of the story of Quantrill in Jackson county and his

career of murder, arson and pillage "for the innate love of lawlessness, robbery, and plunder," readers are referred to a splendid volume by William E. Connelley state historian of Kansas. Mr. Connelley entitled his volume, *Quantrill and the Border Wars*.

An hour spent in reading this volume concerning the life lived in Jackson county and especially in Independence, after the "Mormons" were expelled, will convince any friend of the "Mormon" people that they made a splendid move when they left Jackson county to the ravages of Civil War affairs.

Quantrill rode, in his blood-strewn path, through Missouri and Kansas, General Albert Sidney Johnston blew up the munitions he brought to Utah and marched away, Secretary of War Floyd fled Washington, Sumpter was fired upon, the North was placed in deadly fear lest Washington would be captured,—and then came General Grant to Fort Donelson.

Grant on Floyd

He faced, first Floyd, at Donelson, and then Albert Sidney Johnston, just behind him at Nashville. As he went into camp on the eve of his first noteworthy victory, General Grant thought of Floyd, and of Johnston—these two special foes of the "Mormon" people. And in his memoirs he reached this view of them:

"The outer line of rifle pits was passed, and the night of the fifteenth. General Smith, with much of his division, bivouacked with the lines of the enemy. There was now no doubt that the Confederates must surrender or be captured the next day.

"There seems from subsequent accounts to have been much consternation, particularly among the officers of high rank, in Dover on the night of the 15th.

"General Floyd, the commanding officer, who was a man of talent enough for any civil position, was no soldier and, possibly, did not possess the elements of one. He was further unfitted for command for the reason that his conscience must have troubled him, and made him afraid. As Secretary of War he had taken a solemn oath to maintain the Constitution of the United States and to uphold the same against all its enemies. *He had betrayed that trust.* As Secretary of War he was reported through the northern press to have scattered the little army of the country so that most of it could be picked up in detail when secession occurred. About a year before leaving the Cabinet he had removed arms from the northern to southern arsenals. He continued in the Cabinet of President Buchanan until about the 1st of January, 1861, while he was working vigilantly for the establishment of a confederacy made out of United States territory. *Well may he have been afraid to fall into the hands of National troops.*

"He would no doubt have been tried for the misappropriation of public property, if not for treason, had he been captured."

That is Grant's testimony on behalf of Brigham Young and the judgment of Brigham Young that all was far from right in the coming of Johnston's army. With the army in Utah and a southern Governor in Brigham Young's place, the South was making its last desperate stand to hold the West for slavery. It failed. Now Albert

Sidney Johnston was facing his doom, in front of Grant and Sherman.

Grant prepared for the assault which meant the end of Floyd's command. Before daylight on the 16th, Grant received a letter. It was from Floyd, the commander. Floyd had fled, a personal fugitive. He had left the fort in the hands of S. B. Buckner, whom Grant considered the only soldier in the high command. Buckner asked for terms.

He received them, in the reply:

"No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works."

The North was not used to generals who talked like that. Came the immediate answer:

"The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to the unexpected change of commanders, compels me to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose."

"S. B. Buckner, Brig. Gen. C. S. A."

General Grant met Buckner "and in the course of the conversation he told me," records General Grant, "that if he had been in command I should not have got up to Donelson as easy as I did. I told him that if he had been in command I should not have tried in the way I did: I had invested their lines with a smaller force than they had to defend them; *I had relied very much on their commander to allow me to come safely up to the outside of their works.* He told me that Floyd had left during the night."

Floyd left. Nashville, commanded by Johnston was next in Grant's victorious path. And then came Shiloh. General Johnston drove Grant from the field. But a minnie ball pierced his foot. He bled to death. Grant reorganized, drove back, and turned defeat into victory, on the second day.

General Sherman took the terrible pounding from Albert Sidney Johnston that Brigham Young would have taken in 1858, had not better councils prevailed in Washington as Southern influence waned.

Sherman described how he stood on the field at Shiloh and saw his army shattered,—and at last saw the grey lines waver, so that he ordered a charge—and won. The wavering marked the death of Johnston. He had inspirited his last charge.

"God must have meant the Northern cause to win," wrote an aged Southern veteran to Sherman years afterwards, "else why did a little minnie ball bring death to General Johnston at the moment of victory?"⁵

God's ways are unscrutable. Joseph Smith predicted his people would find peace in the Far West. He pleaded with America to solve the slavery problem and avert this terrible war. And this is the path that great actors in the "Mormon" drama took on the way to the grave. The "Mormon" destiny and America's destiny were predicted to be one and the same. To make it so, "Mormon" affairs have

had to touch many vital moments in American history, and here at Donelson and again at Shiloh, it happened just so.

In the next article in this series we will pass from slavery to the British interests in the Great West. For Joseph Smith's policies were as vital to their affairs there as they were to the affairs of the pro-slave party.

References

¹Old timers talked incessantly thirty-five years ago in Utah of the blowing up of the Johnston army munitions in Utah and of the government's action against Floyd incident to the outbreak of the Civil War. Floyd was the son of a Virginia governor and came from a long line of Virginia pro-slave leaders. His uncle, in 1824, made the first speech in Congress in favor of taking the Far West. In it he described the Navajo Indians, the Snake river salmon, and the easy approach through the South Pass.

²Werner's *Brigham Young*. Webb, in the *Mystery of Mormonism* builds up as strong a case as Werner's salacious volume; in fact Werner almost copies Webb throughout with the ornamental trimmings that make best-seller material.

³It is significant of the way key-items to the real situation become lost, that practically all historians ignore the orders to General Kearny to call a "Mormon Battalion," but content themselves with quoting Kearny's orders to Captain Allen to proceed to the "Mormon" camp and recruit troops. Secretary of War Marcy's orders to Kearny providing that two non-"Mormons" be called for each "Mormon" are said to have been dictated by Senator Benton of Missouri. President Polk had at first decided to call one thousand soldiers from the "Mormon" camp, and had so notified Elder Little in Washington. Marcy's orders were obtained from the War Department files. They are mentioned in Stenhouse's *History of Salt Lake City*.

⁴*Sherman's Memoirs*, Vol. 1.

⁵Appendix to second edition, *Sherman's Memoirs*.

Washington

Behold the name of Washington,
The true, the brave, the hallowed one,
The noble, gracious, honored son
Of sacred liberty.
The stars will never cease to shine
But that his loyalty so fine
Will ever be a memoried shrine
Through all eternity.

Old Father Time will add long years,
Ere his fond memory disappears—
The name of Washington endears
To freedom's constant prayer;
Though empires crumble in decay,
And serried ages roll away,
His soul remains a genial ray
Of hope and strength and care.

Huntington, Utah

LAMONT JOHNSON

EASTER

BY GEORGE D. KIRBY

No country in possession of the gospel of Jesus Christ is unmindful of Easter day. It comes as a commemoration of a most important and significant event. It means new life for mankind; that even the grave cannot bind forever what Christ has said shall rise. It may well signify the reanimation in our hearts of all that is good and worthy.

We rejoice in honoring the name of Jesus Christ, who we believe to be the divine son of the eternal God, and through whom we ourselves hope to rise to a divine kingdom. Our religion is not the dark and gloomy thing of the past, designed to scourge humanity into the straight and narrow path, but rather the gospel of love set like a star to guide men through this world and into the home of glory above.

Easter is the message of life rather than of death. Man should consider himself mortal at Easter time and behold in the risen Christ his only hope of immortality; he should rise to the standard of Christ's life and works. Easter bids us to see the divine possibilities of manhood; to stimulate our lives by the help of the Lord who conquers death; to arouse our energies unto the things of the risen life.

The scope of the Easter festival is divided into two sections, the time before and after Easter. The time before Easter points to the conflict of this present life; the time after, to the blessedness which we can obtain through obedience to the laws and ordinances of God. The Lord's passion shows us the present life of sorrow. The resurrection and glorification of the Lord shows the life which we shall receive.

Jesus came into the world to reveal to us that we were not placed here for the mere contemplation of creature comfort, creature glory and compromise with evil; but rather that we might rise above these things to the sense of that which is spiritual, in seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and learning to pray from a heart full of gratitude: "Our Father, thy kingdom be my kingdom, thy purpose be my purpose, and thy will be my will." That is why the rugged fishermen of Galilee were his friends and followers; they loved him, as did the little children and the pure-hearted women of his day.

And as Eastertide returns each year, we recall the last great tragedy which closed the mortal career of the Savior of mankind, and the love and devotion displayed by those humble, bereaved disciples who followed on that pilgrimage, as he stumbled along beneath the weight of the cross. It was that same love which kept Mary lingering at the sepulchre; it was unbelief that kept her weeping. Again and again

Jesus had told his disciples that he was to be crucified, and that he should arise again on the third day. But this was so contrary to their old beliefs that they could not understand it. We, too, are very slow to grasp the glorious significance of our Master's words, and so are often weeping when we should be rejoicing. The report of the resurrection spread rapidly and its truthfulness was attested in many ways. The Christ who died was now acclaimed alive, and his followers were overjoyed with the actuality of a living Savior.

The great fact that Jesus Christ, the first-born of our Heavenly Father's spirit children, the only begotten son in the flesh, atoned with his life for the sins of mankind; and arose again on the third day, an immortal being, as the first fruits of the resurrection, makes Easter the queen of festivals. We rejoice in the fact that we have not only these natural bodies, but spiritual bodies as well; in the assurance of the resurrection from the dead; in the hope of eternal life. The promises of the Lord are based upon the spirit dominating the material; the higher man overcoming the lower man; the victory of the better nature. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is planted in the Paradise of God. I will give to him to eat of the hidden manna and he shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot his name from the Lamb's book of life. I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God, and I will grant to him to sit with me in my throne." These are the words of the Savior.

Let Easter come with all its gladness, but let our thoughts be upon Jesus Christ who came to save us from our sins, and who gave his life to make our redemption sure. Let our thoughts be upon the promises given through this risen life. This will make Easter mean something of worth to us, and life will spend its days in praise of the central figure of the Easter day.

"What a wonderful, beautiful story
Is mutely proclaimed to-day:
How the loves of the world and its glory
End not 'neath a mound of clay!

"The palms and the Easter lilies,
Grouped round the chancel rail,
The roll of the organ all breathing
Of the love that cannot fail;

"The peeping pink of the orchards,
The whirl of the waking bees,
The promise of bloom in the lilacs,
The glimpse of green 'mong the trees;

"The something within us—reaching
For a promise clear and plain—
Prove stronger than scriptural teachings.
That we sleep to arise again."—*Adele E. Shaw.*

THE MODERN DENIAL OF JESUS CHRIST*

BY DR. FREDERICK J. PACK

I shall read from the first chapter of the gospel according to St. Luke:

"And in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women. And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found favor with God. And behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David. And he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

An imperial edict was issued from Rome to the effect that "all the world should be taxed." The intent of the laws was that the subjects of Rome should enroll their names on records which could be examined for purposes of taxation. The Romans themselves enlisted at the towns in which they were living, but it was the custom of the Jews to go to the cities of their nativity. Accordingly, Joseph and Mary journeyed from Nazareth to Bethlehem, a distance slightly less than a hundred miles. It was while they were in Bethlehem that the Savior of the world was born. Wise men from the East came in search of him, stating that it had been made known to them that a King had been born to the House of David, and that he should reign over it forever.

Herod, a Jew by religious faith but an Idumean by birth, was intensely suspicious of the child. He called the wise men of Jerusalem to him and asked them to tell him where the child could be found. Those who were familiar with the scriptures promptly stated that the Christ should be born in Bethlehem. Herod secretly requested the wise men from the East to learn of the whereabouts of the child and subsequently to inform him. The wise men, however, discerned the intent of Herod, and, after a visit to the manger, returned to their homes by another way. Joseph, the husband of Mary, had been warned in a dream of the purposes of the wicked Herod, and subsequently, with his little family, fled into Egypt. It is not known how long they remained in that country, or where they lived. It is merely stated that they remained until after Herod had died. It was

*Christmas sermon given at the Thirty-third ward chapel, Salt Lake City, Utah, December 20, 1925.

their intention to return to Bethlehem, but when they were informed of the eagerness on the part of some of the officials to apprehend them, they returned to their old city of Nazareth, where Jesus, so far as we know, spent his boyhood.

The mission of Jesus was accepted by a pitifully small number of the Jews, and was rejected by an overwhelming majority of them. The crucifixion at Calvary was merely the climax of three years of rejection. Jesus had wandered from Galilee to Judea without favorable reception. The apostles attained some little success among the Gentiles, but for several centuries thereafter the persecution was so intense that it was finally thought that Christianity had been annihilated. In fact, a monument was erected to Diocletian in Spain because of his having extinguished the name of Christian who, it was affirmed, brought the republic to ruin. Constantine, who came into power in the early part of the fourth century, made Christianity the state religion, whereupon it was rapidly accepted by the Roman people. Records show that as many as twelve thousand souls were admitted in a single year. The dark ages found Christianity alive, thriving at times, and at others, practically dead.

I desire to speak tonight, if I may have the proper inspiration, on the subject of the manner in which Christianity has fared since it was carried to the Gentiles.

One of the first modifications that was made of the doctrines of Jesus Christ was the modification of baptism, namely; from immersion to pouring or sprinkling. I am simple enough in my faith in God to believe that baptism by immersion is necessary because God has so commanded. I do not share the modern opinion to the effect that we must *know* in all cases why things are so before we accept them. It is often stated, even among men of intelligence, that matters of religion should not be accepted unless they respond to the tests of reason. This attitude, of course, is altogether unreasonable. We do not demand in the material things of life explanations before we accept the necessity of them. If such were the case, we would not be in this building tonight, for who is there among us that can explain the means by which electrical power is conveyed from distant generating stations by means of copper wire to this building? or who is there among us who can explain why a filament becomes incandescent and transmits light when electrical energy is conducted through it? Just so, there are many of the laws of the gospel that we do not understand, and yet, their results are equally as apparent as those mentioned above. On the other hand, what parent would regard a child as reasonable if it should insist upon a knowledge of things before obedience was rendered? Yet in matters pertaining to religion the world is insisting that it will not live by faith but rather by knowledge. I have no explanation as to why one must be immersed in water in order that his

sins may be forgiven. I merely know that God has so commanded.

Another repudiation by modern Christianity of the doctrines of Jesus is the denial of continuous revelation. I do not understand how the present-day preacher convinces himself that the "canon of scriptures is full"—that there is no further need of guidance. Such a stand is contrary to all laws of learning. May I illustrate with a simple example? A child is to be taught his first lesson in geography. The teacher will present before him some sort of spherical object, say a ball or an orange or a globe. The child is told that the earth is not flat like a great plain, but rather that it is round like the object before him, that its apparent flatness is due merely to its size. If he could stand off at a distance, he would see that it is round like the object at hand. This is all the information that even the wisest of teachers will attempt to convey to the child at his first lesson, for the reason that the child can understand no more. He must develop further before additional truths can be assimilated. At a later time, the child is again brought before the teacher; modifications of the former statement, or at least additional statements are presented; for instance, that the earth is not a true sphere but rather that it is flattened at the poles, and the number of miles and degrees of this flattening are discussed. Later the child again returns. His intellect has expanded. His vision has changed. He is prepared for further light. He learns that there are major depressions in the surface of the earth, called oceanic basins, and that there are elevations, called continents. Again he is dismissed and again he is brought back. He studies the subjects of topography and oceanography. He is prepared to go into details that he could not understand in his earlier life. Later, in his more mature years, he studies increasingly difficult phases of earth development, probably isostasy, isostatic readjustments and other forms of diastrophism.

Why, I ask my friends who have discarded belief in the doctrine of continuous revelation—why, I say, shall I not lay before the child at one lesson all the information that we have concerning the subject of geography? The answer, of course, is obvious. Then with equal propriety I ask how is it possible, even if God willed, that he could convey to us everything at once? I affirm with no fear of denial that there is no school of thought in the world, there is no branch of learning comparable to the one suggested by men who have denied belief in continuous revelation from God.

Another denial of the doctrines of Jesus Christ is the denial of the resurrection. Where shall I go today to find the Christian who unalterably accepts the truth that Jesus Christ arose from the tomb, took up his body, remained with his friends for forty days, went into heaven with it, and promised to return as they had seen him ascend? And yet, that scriptural statement is as plain as words can

make it. In the estimation of by far the greater part of Christendom, you and I will not have bodies in the world to come, and yet, if there is one doctrine taught in the New Testament and throughout all the Scriptures plainer than any other it is the doctrine of the resurrection of the human body.

It is also denied that God has a personal body. I was interested in reading recently the statement of a prominent churchman who asserted that Michael Angelo, although one of the foremost painters of the world, made an unpardonable mistake in picturing Deity in the form of man. He called attention to the mural painting of John Sargent in the Library of Boston wherein God is obscured behind a cloud, and stated that its conception is far superior to that of Michael Angelo, since no one in modern times thinks of Deity as being in the form of man.

It is regrettable that practically every Christian church has denied that God has a body in form resembling yours and mine. Yet, the scriptures are replete with statements that we are made in the form of God; that we are his offspring. The present conception of the nature of God is altogether indefinite. He is regarded as something wholly incomprehensible—a kind of force or power or influence existing everywhere and centered nowhere. This conception, of course, robs Deity of that fatherly, paternal influence that he is said to have for his children. I do not understand how a man can believe in the holy scriptures and at the same time deny the personality of God.

The repudiation of Jesus Christ did not stop here. Within the past few years there has spread over the land an almost complete denial of the atonement. It took on its present form less than a decade ago, when here and there isolated men stood before their congregations and disclaimed belief in the atonement of Jesus Christ. The denial spread like a prairie fire, so that today there are hundreds of churches in America and foreign lands from which preachers are denying the atonement of Jesus Christ, and the fact that he is the Savior of mankind.'

Last of all came the denial that Jesus is the Son of God; he was not conceived by the Holy Ghost; but rather, he is merely the son of Joseph, the carpenter. It is explained that Jesus, although a great man, a man of much wisdom and intelligence, a man inspired of the Father, is not the son of God.

Today, even at Christmas time, the doctrine is being preached in both the old world and the new that baptism by immersion for the remission of sins is not necessary, that revelation has long since ceased, that the human body will not be resurrected, that God does not possess a personal body, that there is no atonement, and that Jesus Christ is not the son of God. *I ask you, my friends, in the name of Christianity, was the denial of Jesus Christ by the Jews any more complete than his denial by the so-called Christian world of today?*

You and I, my brethren and sisters, stand in a fortunate position. For some reason, God has favored us with recent revelations, which, if obeyed, will enable us to keep our feet firmly anchored in the truth. The Lord with his son Jesus Christ appeared to the Prophet Joseph Smith, at Palmyra, New York. He exhibited a glorified personality. By his side stood his son. The Father said, "This is my beloved Son. Hear him." Then Jesus with his own voice instructed the boy prophet what should be done. Again, at the dedication of the Kirtland temple, Jesus Christ, the resurrected redeemer of the world, stood upon the breastwork of the pulpit and expounded truths of the everlasting gospel. At various other times Joseph, the Prophet, was instructed by heavenly messengers concerning the principles of salvation. I have already said that we stand today in a unique position. While the world is groping in darkness, because of lack of connection with the throne of God, our journey has been vouchsafed, provided, we adhere to the principles that have been given unto us.

To me, two great lessons can be learned from the present condition of the Christian world. May I illustrate each with a personal experience? I traveled at one time on the Escalante desert by night. Through choice, I was seated by the side of the driver. The night was dark, and the only objects that could be seen were those that were illuminated by the lights of the machine. At various points in the desert the road divided. I frequently interested myself as we approached points of bifurcation by guessing as to which of the roads the driver would follow. Sometimes he took the road that I had selected, and sometimes the other. Later in the evening, after we had passed a certain point of division, I said to him, "Why did you take the right-hand road?" He replied, "I have taken the right-hand road because we are going to Cedar City. The left-hand road leads to Parowan." Again I asked him why he took the left-hand road, and he said, "The right-hand road leads to Kanara, the other to Cedar City." And then out there in the darkness of the desert, I learned a great truth, namely: *The most dangerous road in life is the one that diverges from the right road by a very small angle.* When a road separated from the one that we were following by a small angle it was alluring, I could see why we should not follow it, its general direction was the same as that of ours, but on no occasion was I disturbed when we passed a road that traversed the country at right angles to the one that led to our destination.

Then, as I went back in my experience, I could not recall a single case in which an acquaintance of mine had gone wrong all at once. He had gradually departed from the right road. The application of this great truth, in my judgment, is this: The law of God requires that Latter-day Saints accept the doctrines of Jesus Christ in their entirety. We must not find ourselves departing even to the least degree from that which has been revealed.

The second lesson to be learned from the foregoing discussion applies to our responsibility in the matter—to yours and mine. Again I draw upon a personal experience for illustration. My duties at the University of Utah require that every season I conduct parties of young men from that institution into mining districts for the purpose of making geological examinations. I take these boys into mines, sometimes hundreds and even thousands of feet deep. On one occasion, I had sixty men on a ladder nine hundred feet long. When we travel these ladders we frequently encounter rounds that are broken. It is our practice that an experienced man shall lead. When he feels with his foot or his hand and learns that a round is broken, he says to the man next to him, "Look out! Here's a broken round." And even now I can hear echoing and re-echoing in my mind, as the men pass these dangerous places, "Look out! Here's a broken round. Look out! Here's a broken round."

Now, my brethren and sisters, suppose that when I go on one of these trips I am not sufficiently interested in the welfare of the men to warn them of the impending danger, and suppose that because of my attitude one of them falls to his death. What would the people of this state—what would *you* say of me and my negligence?

I paraphrase the statement slightly. What will God say of you and of me if we have not warned and re-warned the people who are coming in contact with doctrines that are not true? The information that we have is merely a heritage which we hold as a stewardship, to be freely given to all the children of men. I pray that during this Christmas time and during the coming years we may be happy in the possession of what God has given us and that we will be diligent in conveying it to others. I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Winter

Now Mother Earth a pensive face doth show;
Her cloak of white and brown dour Winter fetched
From Nifleheim. Gray cirro-stratus, stretched
Wan horizons above, pregnant with snow,
Fills yon dull atmosphere, where floats the crow
Across the sky, with frigid gloom. Bewretched,
The giant Ymir grudgingly hath etched,
On windows, plants such as in summer grow.
It profits man in chilly climes to live,
Where blighting blasts moan minor harmonies;
There doth creative genius choose to give
Most inspiration: so human frailties
To noble men a stimulus do prove;
They lift his thoughts on higher planes to move.

Logan, Utah

ALLEN FIFIELD

THE THING THAT COUNTS

K. RUDYARD.
(In *Capper's Weekly*.)

MALE CHORUS.

GEO. H. DURHAM.
Feb. 4, 1926.

Moderato con Esp.

dim.

mf

It isn't the job we in-tend-ed to do, Or the labor we've just be-

mf *f* *rall.*

gun, That puts us right on the balance sheet, It's the work we have

a tempo.

really done. Our cred-it is built up-on things we do, Our

poco rall. *cres.* *ff*

debt on things we shirk. The man who totals the big - gest plus,

*mf**rall.**marcato.*

Is the man who completes his work. Good in-ten-tions do

not pay bills, It is ea - sy e-nough to plan. To

wish is the play of an office boy, To do..... is the work

Do, yes, to do

*animato.**f**ft**mp meno mosso.**ff vigorously.*

of a man..... To do is the work of a man.....

Emphasize the melody, as it occurs mostly in the inner voices and should receive careful attention.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

The Past Year in Australia

The past year was a most successful one in the Australian mission. Two new chapels were completed and dedicated, one at Hobart, Tasmania, and one at Perth, West Australia. We now have a chapel of our own in each of the capital cities of the six states. The elders have been energetic in their labors, and through the blessing of the Lord have seen the fruits of their labors in the baptisms performed. We have very little real opposition to meet. Our greatest problem is in overcoming the indifference of the people and getting them interested in anything religious. President and Sister Hyde are real parents to the elders and Saints, and are surely loved by them.



Missionaries of the New South Wales conference, left to right, front row: James R. Webb, conference president; Charles H. Hyde, president of the Australian mission; Carolina S. Hyde, president of mission Relief Societies; Esther Stanford, outgoing mission secretary; Rulon Knell, outgoing conference president; Lewis D. Robbins, mission secretary. Second row: Elders Francis, Storrs, Cottrell, Lillywhite, McQuarrie, Christensen, Creer. Top row: Elders Pilkington, Smith, Simmons, Bennett, and Weeks.

Sunday School Improvement Contest

During the last six months of 1925, an Improvement Contest was conducted among the fifty-eight Sunday schools of the Northwestern states mission to see which school could make the greatest increase in enrollment, attendance, punctuality, officers and teachers meetings, etc. The Butte,



AN ENROLLMENT CONTEST—NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION—BUTTE THE WINNER.

Montana, Sunday school won this contest, increasing from 50% efficient to 86% efficient. Here are some of the things that they have accomplished: Increased their enrollment from 62 to 130. Increased their average attendance from 55% to 83%. Organized a teacher-training class, and are holding all other supplementary Sunday school meetings.

During the period of the contest, a very active missionary campaign has been carried on by the officers and teachers among the members of the branch, and this campaign, together with the splendid harmony that exists in the school and branch, is responsible for the Butte Sunday school winning the contest. Several of the schools of the mission were close behind Butte in the improvement work. Chief among these were the schools of Snohomish, Washington; Vancouver, Washington; Great Falls, Montana; and others.

The contest resulted in a very substantial advance in Sunday school work throughout the mission. In fact a general improvement of about 15% resulted. Every phase of the work showed an increase over 1924. During the year 1925, twelve new Sunday schools were organized, and nearly eight hundred new pupils were enrolled. Over four hundred non-members are regularly attending our schools. The Lord has greatly blessed us in our labors so that 1925 has been the most prosperous Sunday school year in the history of the Northwestern States mission.—*Abram W. Conover*, Mission Superintendent of Sunday schools, and M. I. A.

Local Elders Laboring as Missionaries

Elder Wilford O. Peterson, Goteborg, Sweden, reports that there is still opposition from the state or Lutheran religion in that district. Notwithstanding, the work of the Lord is progressing very nicely. Several new missionaries have arrived, and these are ably assisted by local elders, who have been called and set apart as home missionaries. "We are determined that the message of the Lord shall be heard by every soul seeking for light."



Elders laboring in the Goteborg branch, Sweden: left to right, Franklin S. Forsberg, Salt Lake, branch president; C. Paul Holm, Roberts, Idaho; J. Douglas Swenson, Salt Lake; Wilford O. Peterson, Sandy, Utah.

Elder Stephen L. Richards, in Michigan

The Saints and missionaries of the Michigan conference held a conference on October 24 and 25, at Detroit, Mich. Elder Stephen L. Richards of the Council of the Twelve, in company with President John H. Taylor, mission president, and Rachel Grant Taylor, president of the mission Relief Societies, were present. Elder Richards gave inspiring talks to the missionaries on Saturday, on the call of a missionary and functions of the Priesthood; and the missionaries were instructed as to duties by President Taylor. Special sessions of the Relief Society were held by Sister Taylor. On Sunday, October 25, three sessions of the conference were held at the Danish Brotherhood Hall at West Forest and Twelfth streets. At all three of these sessions there were more people present than at any conference previously held in Detroit. The Saints and friends greatly appreciate the visit of Elder Stephen L. Richards, and are grateful and thankful to the Lord for the instructive sermons that he delivered. Through them the Saints are inspired to work more diligently for the cause of the great latter-day work.—*U. Lyman Miller*, conference president.



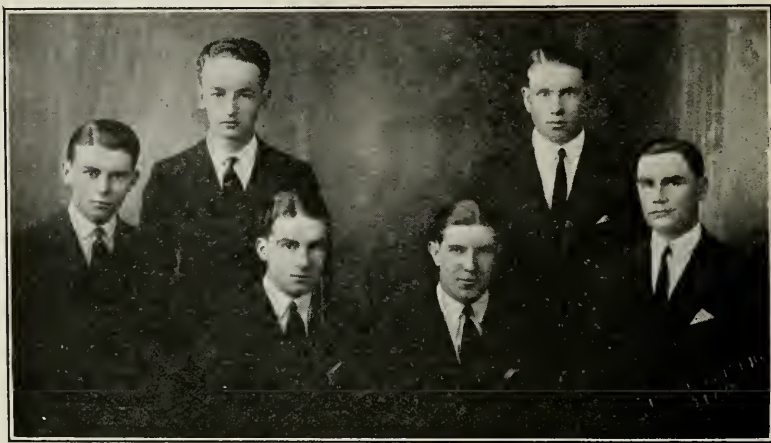
MISSIONARIES AND ELDERS, MICHIGAN CONFERENCE

Back row, left to right: Ottis S. Rice, Lester W. Lee, Duwayne L. Henrie, Anthon V. Haynie, Clair S. Terry, Rulon D. Pincock, Alex. J. Hoggan, Leo R. Cottrell, Christopher Webb. Middle row: Julia Kunzler, Elva Orme, U. Lynn Miller, conference president; John H. Taylor, mission president; Stephen L. Richards, Rachel G. Taylor, mission president of Relief Societies; Zelda Keetch, Lena Youkstetter. Front row: S. Leroy Mitton, Warren S. Jones, Chester G. Page.

President Hyde in South Australia

Elder Zeph Y. Erektion, writing from South Australia, reports that the work in that part of the world is not hindered by active opposition, but

by cold indifference. The Saints in that district are strong, and through their efforts the gospel message is spreading. The Spirit of the Lord causes the elders to rejoice in their ministry. President Charles H. Hyde has just finished a two-week visit to that conference which is located some eleven hundred miles from the mission headquarters at Sydney. The President visits them about twice a year and the visits greatly strengthen the faith of the Saints and elders. The elders are preparing to carry on a vigorous Book of Mormon campaign.



ELDERS OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Elders from left to right: Zelfh Y. Ereksen, Murray; Edwin E. James, Rock Springs, Wyoming; A. Wendell Grover, conference president, Garland; William S. Geddes, Preston, Idaho; Sherman P. Bybee, Roy, Utah; Emil L. Roundy, Escalante.

A Three-day Convention in the Northwestern States Mission

"One hundred ten missionaries met Friday morning in the L. D. S. chapel at Tacoma, Washington, where President Brigham S. Young opened a convention which lasted from December 18 to 20, 1925. Each year the missionaries assemble from all parts of that mission to these annual conventions, where they receive advice and suggestions from the various conference presidents on the important phases of missionary activities, and instructions from President Young, pertaining to the coming year's work. The convention this year was the biggest and best ever held in the mission. We have had our ranks swelled by more than forty volunteer short-term missionaries. This materially added to the spirit of the occasion. Elder Ralph B. Stratford, the mission secretary, gave out the information that the missionaries of the northwest have baptized into the Church 286 souls, most of whom were converts; that is, they were not young people born in the Church. One session was devoted to mission Mutual convention, and was presided over by President Brigham S. Young, and conducted by Elder Abram W. Conover, mission superintendent of Y. M. M. I. A. It was the first time that a general mission convention of the Mutual Improvement Association had been attempted in the northwest. Its success was phenomenal. There were present more than one hundred delegates from the various As-

sociations of the mission. Great enthusiasm prevailed throughout the entire missionary convention, and at the last session regrets were expressed by the missionaries to think the convention was at an end; but all departed to their fields of labor with renewed determination to make 1926 a bigger and better year for our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Abram W. Conover*, Supt. Y. M. M. I. A.



MISSION AUTHORITIES AND CONFERENCE PRESIDENTS OF
NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION

Bottom row, left to right: Elder Alma U. Jones, president of British Columbia conference; Sister Mary Winder, incoming president of Primaries and Y. L. M. I. A.; Elder Harold W. Brohm, incoming president of Oregon conference; Sister Anna Redd, outgoing president of Primaries and Y. L. M. I. A.; Elder J. Moroni Ward, president of Northwest Washington conference. Second row: Elder Joseph T. Allen, president of East Washington conference; Elder Brigham S. Young, mission president; Elder J. Kay Nelson, president of West Washington conference; Elder Abram W. Conover, mission superintendent of Sunday schools and Y. M. M. I. A.; Elder Wiley F. Hansen, president of Southwest Washington conference. Third row: Elder Orvill H. Stanfield, president of Southeast Washington conference; Elder Evan W. Ashby, outgoing president of Oregon conference; Elder Ralph B. Stratford, mission secretary; Elder Richard C. Jensen, clerk; Elder C. Verl Benzley, mission clerk. (Sister Marie Young, mission president of Relief Societies, was not present at the convention.)

THE HOME

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class M. I. A., 1925-26

LESSON XVII—HOME HARMONIES

I. The Lecture:

Super-importance of Home Harmonies.—It is pleasing when musicians render harmonious strains, and artists paint in harmonious colors, but of more lasting joy and benefit are the harmonies that are made in the home when father and mother and children live in sweet accord. It is more vital that home makers know what will produce harmony in the home than it is that the musician shall know what combinations will produce harmonious music; or, that the artist shall know what colors blend, for the home where harmony prevails becomes a heaven on earth "a place that one's feet may leave but not his heart."

How Attained.—Harmony in the home comes not by chance, but by observing the laws that make for it and by avoiding the things that make for discord.

Love—love for the home and its inmates—is the chief corner-stone of the home harmonious.

Seeing eyes and an understanding heart are most necessary. Those who enjoy the comforts of home should realize how much it costs of time and thought, of labor and money to have such a haven of rest and refreshment. Realizing this each living one will want to share in the labor, bear part of the burden, lift some of the loads, make some of the sunlight. Even the little children can be active participants in this. They should have their definite tasks to do and a set time in which to do them. A desire to serve sweetens not only the character of the individual, but radiates its sweetness to others.

Voicing one's appreciation for the home, expressing love for father, mother, children, telling mother or sister or wife or daughter how good her cooking is, saying, "Father, what a good provider you are"—these are harmonious notes that bring music in the home, light to the eyes, and buoyancy to the step.

Harmony demands a give and take policy. One must sacrifice his pleasure in order that another may have his desire. Unselfishness must flower. Toleration must abound.

Young and old view things differently. Each needs to bear and forbear and try to understand the other's viewpoint. This brings a spirit of comradeship between parents and children. All like to be understood. Sympathetically listening to the dreams and aims of another, and helping him to further his plans bring people together in the strongest bonds of fellowship.

Order and cleanliness are requisite for harmony in the home. The spirit of God cannot dwell in unclean tabernacles. An orderly home invites the spirit of the Lord. Having a place for everything, and everything in its place avoids loss of time and temper.

It is desirable to have harmonious furnishings and decorations and desirable colors for wood-work and wall coverings, for these things do affect the people who dwell within the home.

Keeping the family well by living the laws of health, well-balanced meals served on time with everyone there to eat when they are ready, promotes harmony in the family. Sickness brings strain, worry, over-work and very often destroys harmony.

Thinking alike religiously brings unity of purpose and effort. Prayer, a coming together of the family before the Father's throne, makes for harmony, peace, and love.

Enemies of Harmony.—Enemies of harmony are nagging, criticising a member of the family before others, holding up some idiosyncrasy to ridicule, losing one's self-control, speaking the harsh, hasty word, shrinking one's duties and obligations.

II. Thought Exchange:

Problems

1. Name and discuss eight things that make for home harmony.
2. Name eight things that should be avoided by those who desire harmony in the home. Show why each will bring discord.
3. What effect does harmony in the home have on the health and disposition of its inmates?
4. Discuss nagging as an arch-enemy to home-making.
5. Discuss the effect of pouting or sulking: a. On the individual. b. On the family.
6. What two bears should be in every home to preserve harmony?
7. Discuss the value of cultivating in one's self "the funny bone" as a means of disposing of trivial home discords.

Problems suggested by the class.

III. Suggestions for the Social Period.

IV. Announcements and Assignments.

LESSON XVIII THE HOME ON SUNDAY

I. The Lecture:

A. Why the home should be interested in Sunday:

1. Because the Sundayless home like a Sundayless community is deficient in one of the essentials of Christian civilization.

Who would choose for a home town, the place where the question, "What do you do on Sunday here?" was answered, "This is not a Sunday town." Who would consent to have the front door marked? "No, Sunday here!"

2. Because, as the foundation of society, the home needs the elevating influence of the Sunday spirit which radiates and adds to the life even of unbelievers. It was an honest man who said, "I do not profess to be what is called a devout man but I must confess that I am a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the week." Even home-makers who care little for Sunday may consistently say, "We do not profess to have a Sunday home, but we must confess that ours is a better home on Sunday than on any day of the week." Is not the community a better one on Sunday than on any other day of the week?

B. How can the home add to the value of Sunday?

1. By keeping the home in harmony with the Church.

Sunday is the Lord's day. Take away from it the religious element and it has lost its savor. It is like salt that has lost its savor. Sunday without God would soon go underfoot. First, in the heart of man, then in the home, then in the community.

The Church is God's instrument for giving man a more abundant life. The home harps kept in tune with the Church organ will always produce heaven-ward harmonies.

2. By providing an abundance of spiritual activities on Sunday.
 - (a) By effectively encouraging attention to Church activities, Priesthood and auxiliary.
 - (b) By providing for recreation, permissible recreation at the home. Permissible Sunday recreation does not include any form of recreation that is void of Sunday propriety, such as: dancing, feasting and the playing of games, and attendance at public movies, but it does include conversation of spiritual character, reading, reciting, story telling of simple order, musical exercises, walks, and radio.
 - (c) By glorifying Sunday self-restraint as hero exercise. Sunday is for man it is true and it is for the making of the man. Men are made by resisting as well as by persisting. The decalogue is still in force. To make Sunday abstinence ultra easy would rob it of much of its hero-making power. He who gave us Sunday as his resurrection birthday practiced resistance in the dawn of the first Sunday. (See John 20:17.)

C. A day of spiritual activity.

1. The first Sunday was a day of wonderful activity.

An angel of authority and power sped from heaven to earth and prepared the sepulchre for the event of the ages. He shook the earth, rolled away the stone and sat down on it. The redeemer of the world returned from his mission of establishing a gospel dispensation among the spirits in prison. He passed victoriously over death from the second to the third through the resurrection. He conversed with Mary and sent her as a messenger to "the brethren." (See John 20:17.) He walked into the country with two of his disciples and apparently ascended to his Father. (See Luke 24:15-31.) In the evening of this first Sunday Jesus attended a meeting of his apostles. (See John 20:19-25.) On this first Sunday, faithful women visited the sepulchre to finish the embalming of the body of Jesus and were made messengers to announce his resurrection. (See Mark 16:1-6.) Some of the twelve visited the sepulchre and a quorum or council meeting was held in the evening. These are only some of the activities of the first Sunday but they are enough to point out that Sunday is not a day for idleness and the nature of these activities indicate that Sunday is a day for spiritual activity. A day on which spiritual consideration should be paramount.

II. The Thought Exchange:

- A. Discuss the suggestion that there be a survey made of:

1. How Sunday is spent in the homes.
2. How the home people would like to spend Sunday.
3. How home people think Sunday *should* be spent.

III. Sociability.

- A. Confession:

1. What Sunday is to me.
2. What I would like Sunday to be.

IV. Assignments.

Benediction.

LESSON XIX—THE HOME ON HOLIDAYS

I. The Lecture:

1. Historical background relative to establishing holidays:

- a. Religious. b. Political.

2. Object of Holidays:

- a. Holidays afford an excellent opportunity for creating in the loves of the family greater love for God; loyalty to country; respect for public officials and companionships in the home. Our national flag should be properly displayed on public holidays. Give proper display. See *Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book* for instructions, 121-22.
- b. Recreation: 1. Free from routine work. 2. Parents acting as directors. 3. Children plan activities for the day. 4. Simplicity of preparation so that it will be a holiday also for father and mother.
- 3. Way of emphasizing message of the day:
 - a. In family prayer. (Suggest family prayer appropriate for occasion.)
 - b. At the table.
 - c. Enroute to picnic, festivity, or celebration?

II. The Thought Exchange:

- 1. How can we create greater respect for the purpose of holidays both religious, and political? a. Discuss some fundamental events leading up to the religious and political emancipation of America. b. Relate events and promises made in reference to America being a promised land. Give scriptural passages relative to the same.

Days pertinent to such events: Columbus day, Fourth of July, Flag day, Constitution day, Armistice day.

- 2. Both spiritual and cultural, and educational advantages are obtained by reviewing the lives and achievements of great men and women who have made possible religious, scientific and political freedom in our great country. We have the opportunity of making of these great characters our companions through a study of their achievements and application of the truths they teach.

Relate briefly outstanding events of one or more of the lives of the following characters: Joseph Smith, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, Ann Hutchinson, John Jay, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson.

- a. Discuss the possibility of spending more holidays in the home that it may more often be a place to abide in, rather than go out from.
- b. Have the family select a day during the year which is commemorative of some historical event in our Church and fittingly observe the same.
- c. Give suggestions for observing some of the following holidays at home: Arbor day, Mother's day, Flag day, Constitution day, Thanksgiving day, Christmas, New Years.

Prove that the Latter-day Saints have more cause for celebrating the Fourth of July and Constitution day than any other people. (See Doc. and Cov. Sec. 101 and Book of Mormon II Nephi concerning this land of liberty.)

III. Sociability:

Relate personal impressions of our recent M. I. A. Jubilee or interesting narratives of other important events, i. e., Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg speech or Patrick Henry's speech at the house of Burgesses. (Patriotic song, music, "My Country 'Tis of Thee.") Suitable prayer.

IV. Assignments.

Benediction.

Editors' Table

The Way to Happiness

Marriage makes happiness, if entered into in the right way and lived in conformity with the laws of God. Marriage in the world is looked upon as of small importance. The marriage covenant is often considered solely a matter of convenience, easily broken, and is not looked upon as a foundation for lasting happiness. Divorce is talked of as an easy exit from its obligations. Hence, much unhappiness and many broken homes, and very serious consequences for society, not to mention the unfortunate children of such homes.

We have received a news cartoon, illustrating the condition in this changing world by two wedding announcements; one is old-fashioned, reading something like this:

Mr. and Mrs. Hall announce the marriage of
their daughter, Ellen, to Henry, son of
Mr. and Mrs. White.

Another, showing a fashionable "modern style card," used in these days of divorce and scrambled matrimony, reads:

Mr. Jones and Mrs. Smith announce the marriage of
their daughter, Mrs. Brown, to James Robinson,
son of Mr. Robinson and Mrs. Black.

The Latter-day Saints counteract and fight the conditions which make for the "modern style card," so common in the world today, by placing upon marriage a more serious meaning. It is an eternal union designed for ever-lasting joy and companionship; performed in the temple, it endures forever, insuring never-ending family ties. Marriage so contracted induces fewer divorces by far than that entered into for time only. This is proved by the statistics of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Marriage in the temples is, therefore, one of the most important steps in life to a Latter-day Saint. The Lord, anciently and in modern revelation, has declared its sanctity, as his law unto man. It is so important that he has commanded his people that it should not be entered into for time alone, but for all eternity. If a man marry a wife by the law of God, and she is sealed unto him by the Holy Spirit of promise, by him who is anointed in the Church, and unto whom the Lord has appointed this power and the keys of the Priesthood, they shall come forth in the first or second resurrection, and shall inherit thrones, kingdoms, principalities and powers; and if they abide in the covenant, and do not shed innocent blood, it shall be done unto

them whatsoever the officiating servant of the Lord has promised them, in time and through all eternity. It shall be of full force when they are out of the world, and they shall pass by the angels and gods which are set there to their exaltation and glory in all things. This glory is a fulness and a continuation of the seeds forever and ever. In other words, they shall be gods, because they have no end; they shall be from everlasting to everlasting, because they continue. But, to receive these blessings, the couple getting married must abide the law appointed for the blessings, and live up to the conditions.

The conditions pertain to marriage by proper authority, by one who holds the keys of the Priesthood of God, the President of the Church, or one delegated by him to perform the ceremony in the holy temples of the Lord.

Such an ordinance is for time and for all eternity. One can readily see, therefore, how important temple marriage is to the young Latter-day Saints. No marriage performed in any other way is permanent and lasting; it is only until death separates the two; it is of no force when they are out of the world. "It shall be thrown down, and shall not remain after men are dead; neither in, nor after, the resurrection," saith the Lord, God. "For whatsoever things remain are by me; and whatsoever things are not by me, shall be broken and destroyed."

The young people of the Church, who enter into and comply with this important marriage covenant are forming for themselves one of the strongest supports for happiness that can be obtained, both for this life and for the life to come.

Resolved that young people contemplating matrimony shall look into this matter of temple marriages; and enter into the sacred covenants in the right way, that they may be entitled to the richer blessings, and be made happy here and forever.—A.

Attendance at Sacrament Meetings

From the report of attendance at Sacrament meetings, and the regular ward teaching, for the month of January, 1926, as compiled by the Presiding Bishop's Office, in Bulletin No. 112, we learn the following interesting facts:

The average attendance at Sacrament meetings, in 987 wards of the Church, was 21%; wards reporting 100% visited by the ward teacher, 387, an average of 68% of the families were visited; 46% of the ward teachers attended Sacrament meetings; and 24% attended Priesthood meetings; all of the 94 stakes reported.

The arrangement of the bulletin was based on the average percentage of ward membership at Sacrament meetings, which ranged from 48%, in Alberta, Canada, to 14% in Summit, Utah.

Priesthood Quorums

A Message from the Presiding Bishopric

From inquiries coming to the Presiding Bishop's Office, it appears that some who are in charge of the Aaronic Priesthood work do not understand the meaning of the recommendation made by the Presiding Bishopric that members of the high council be assigned to supervise Aaronic Priesthood work, and that the bishopric, assisted by three supervisors, be placed in charge of the Aaronic Priesthood work in each ward.

We believe that the work of the Aaronic Priesthood has been very much neglected in the past. The annual ward records and the condition of young men called to serve in the mission field are evidences of this fact. The Presiding Bishopric senses the responsibility placed upon them as the presidency of the Aaronic Priesthood, and have started a campaign to place this work where it belongs in Church government. To meet with success, responsibility must be placed upon certain individuals who should, as far as possible, be relieved from all other work, but should be in a position to work with other organizations and plan the work to avoid conflict.

It is very important that all those engaged in this work visualize the real purpose, and so plan their work, or carry out the plans recommended, that each department may work in harmony with all others, and with a view to giving to the young men in the Church training necessary to qualify them for greater service as they are advanced step by step in the Priesthood.

They cannot properly qualify through study alone, but must be given work to do; for this Priesthood, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels and the preparatory gospel, is a Priesthood of service, and provides that those holding it shall labor in outward ordinances. This requires action as well as study. Members of the high council, who are interested in this work and who can see the importance of it, can greatly encourage the bishops and those whom they select to assist in the wards. Where it is possible to select active young men as class leaders, this should be done. It is expected that these leaders form a committee to act under the direction of the bishopric and to keep them informed as to quorum matters. It is not intended that these class leaders shall perform all of the work of leadership, but they should go to the class as companions to the boys, for companionship is what they most need—someone to help them to realize the importance of their work. They should have respect for quorum officers and should advise these officers from time to time in their presidency. Quorums should be encouraged to function as quorums. Officers should be in charge and should conduct the exercises under the direction of the class leaders appointed.

The courses of study for this year have been especially prepared for the Aaronic Priesthood quorums, each lesson arranged in such a manner that it is hoped that each one will give not only information pertaining to Church doctrine, but will also provide some labor to be performed. There are duties that can be performed by deacons, teachers and priests, which may appear to conflict. It should be the duty of the supervisors to meet with the bishopric, plan this work, and assign to each quorum the work required of that quorum. There are many times when these quorums may meet together in social activities.

To carry on this work properly, it is important that every young man holding the Aaronic Priesthood be provided with a course of study. Up

to the first of February less than one-fourth had secured these outlines. Inasmuch as future promotions will be based largely upon the written record, as contained in the Class Roll and Record Book, it is important that ward authorities complete their organizations immediately and prepare to hold weekly Priesthood meetings as required.

PRESIDING BISHOPRIC.

Leadership Week, Brigham Young University January 25 to 29

Preparation for the work, and a desire to serve, two of the leading factors that create successful leadership, were illustrated to perfection by all concerned, during the Fifth Annual Brigham Young University Leadership Week, Provo, January 25-29, 1926. The central theme emphasized, in all departments and every day, was *Better Teaching of Religion*, a vital subject and much neglected in all our organizations.

This great Church school devotes one week each year to a training course for parents and others who cannot attend the year-around studies. The regular activities are suspended for the convenience and advantage of the visitors. President Franklin S. Harris and his force of teachers are congratulated upon the establishment of this much needed course.

More than twelve hundred people attended, from seventy-two stakes of the Church. They were very fortunate in having availed themselves of this opportunity. Something was doing in every division of the institution during every hour of the day. Class work began at 9 o'clock a. m., a general meeting was held in College Hall at 1:30, and in the evening a social, a concert, a dramatic performance, or debate, was given for the special entertainment of the visitors. The real class work was done during the day, in sixteen departments, and a course of five lectures in each was offered, under the tuition of noted specialists in their respective fields of research and preparation. At the chapel exercises, at 1:30 p. m. each day, leading speakers of the state occupied the time. Among them were President Heber J. Grant, President Anthony W. Ivins, President Charles W. Nibley, Dr. Adam S. Bennion, Dr. Fred J. Pack, Dr. W. W. Henderson, Susa Young Gates, and others. The speeches were broad-casted by KSL radio, so that many in all parts of the West listened in; and radio connection with other rooms on the college ground enabled all who attended to hear the lectures. The daily opportunities for study in regular courses were so numerous that almost any desire might be satisfied on any particular subject of interest: music, methods of teaching, recreation, psychology for parents, genealogy, principles of recreation, social welfare work, religious education, fundamentals of home life, farmers' conference, story telling for children, literary programs, play production, health programs, training for parenthood, scout leadership. Enlightening demonstrations and lectures on these subjects were presented. Methods of teaching, farming, religious education, psychology for parents, genealogy, and the various divisions for recreation and scout leadership, were especially well received and recognized. Dancing, debating, drama, and social work, in the evenings, were very popular.

On the whole, the program should have satisfied every thirst for knowledge and entertainment that the great crowd who assembled might desire. Officers, professors, teachers, and regular students, alike vied with one another to make things pleasant and profitable for all who attended. The school was a great success. In the midst of his splendid supervision and masterful leadership, President F. S. Harris found time to extend many courtesies to the visitors, and he was ably assisted in the multiplicity of his duties by the reception committee, students, teachers and professors.

Mutual Work

M. I. A. Contests for 1926

In addition to the regular M Men contests in public speaking and male quartette singing as outlined in the *Y. M. M. I. A. Handbook*, pages 79-81, there will be contests promoted this year in Y. M. M. I. A. male chorus, orchestra and instrumental trio. The latter two contests will include the Y. L. M. I. A. membership.

Preliminary contests are to be held in stakes and districts, and the final contests will be conducted during the June conference in Salt Lake City. Districts explained in the *Y. M. M. I. A. Handbook*, page 79.

Winners of district contests in M. I. A. choruses and orchestra are to prepare also ensemble numbers to be performed in the Tabernacle with all the groups combined.

Details of the contests follow: (Y. M. M. I. A. contests included.)

1. Y. M. M. I. A. Male Chorus. 12-24 members.
Prizes: first, \$50; second, \$25. Open to all members of the Y. M. M. I. A.
 2. M. Men, Male Quartette. Open to all members of M Men organizations.
Prizes: four gold medals.
 3. Y. L. M. I. A. Ladies Chorus. Open to all members of the Y. L. M. I. A. 12-15 members.
Prizes: first, \$50; second, \$25.
 4. M. I. A. Orchestra. Open to all members of the M. I. A. who are not professional musicians. This does not apply to the leader.
Prizes: first, \$50; second, \$25. Orchestra limited to 5-12 members.
 5. Instrumental Trio, consisting of violin, cello and piano. Note: Clarinet and flute may be substituted for cello and violin respectively. Open to all members of the M. I. A. except professionals.
Prizes: three gold medals.
- Points of judgment for choruses and quartette singing will be found on page 81, *Y. M. M. I. A. Handbook*.
- For the orchestra and instrumental trio, the points of judgment will be:
- | | |
|--|-----------|
| Tone quality and balance | 25 points |
| Interpretation | 25 points |
| Technique and execution, correct reading, fluency and intonation | 50 points |
6. M Men, Public Speaking. Open to all members of M Men's organization.
Prize: gold medal.
 7. Y. L. M. I. A. Senior Public Speaking. Open to all Senior Young Ladies.
Prize: gold medal.

For detail of public speaking contests, see *Y. M. M. I. A. Handbook*, page 80.

Winners must send to our general office, a statement of intention of entering the June finals, giving names of organizations, leaders, and members. In case of orchestra and instrumental trio, please state the instruments used; and in case of public speaking, the subject. This must be done before June 1, 1925.

CONTEST NUMBERS

- Male Chorus contest—*In Liberty's Name*, by Parks. Key of A flat. Price 15c.
 M Men Quartette contest—*The Builder*, by Cadman. Flammer, N. Y. Price 16c.
 Young Ladies chorus—*Serenade*, by Moszkowski. Three part. Flammer, N. Y. Price 15c.

Orchestra contest—*Zampa*, overture by Herold. Ascher. Price \$1.65 small orchestra; extra parts, 20c each.

Instrumental Trio—*Nocturne*, Opus 9, No. 2, Chopin. Perfection Edition, No. 2 by Leo Feist. Price, Book, \$1 for piano, and 50c for each additional instrument.

ENSEMBLE NUMBERS

Male Chorus—*The Hunter's Loud Halloo*, O'Hara. Flammer, N. Y. Price 18c.

Ladies Chorus—*Sing, Smile, Sleep*, Gounoud. Boston Music Co. Three part. Price 10c.

Orchestra Ensemble—*Largo*, by Handel. Published by Leo Feist. From No. 2 Perfection Edition, arranged by Robert Recker, price 75c for separate selection or \$1 for piano and 50c for other parts, if the book is purchased.

Note: The orchestra will also play "Zampa" as an ensemble number.

Music for these events may be obtained at: The Consolidated Music Company, Beesley Music Company, Daynes-Beebe Music Company, of Salt Lake City, and other music stores; or obtained directly from the publishers.

We trust that these contests will result in stimulating permanent organizations in these activities and that a spirit of true sportsmanship may prevail. Ever praying for our welfare in the great cause of Mutual Improvement,

GENERAL BOARDS, Y. M. AND Y. L. M. I. A.

Prize Offered for a Short Play

The *Improvement Era* offers a prize of \$35 and a gold medal for a short one-act play.

The subject might center around one of the following three topics: 1. Pioneer experiences; 2. The M. I. A. work as an inspiration; 3. Out-door subjects, Father and Sons' Outings, Scouting, etc.

The offer is open to all who wish to write. Manuscripts must be in the hands of the editor of the *Improvement Era* on or before the first day of July, 1926. Send unsigned and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the author and the title of the play. The author of the best production, in the opinion of the judges, will be awarded the prize.

The range of the subjects may be as broad as the work of the M. I. A. organization, and need not be confined to the three suggestions made above; but all the plays should be consistent with, and relevant to, M. I. A. standards and work.

The play winning the prize is to become the property of the *Improvement Era*. All other manuscripts will be returned, or arrangements made for their purchase.

M. I. A. Conference Programs

Assistant Superintendent Karl S. Storey of the Ogden stake Y. M. M. I. A. reports that they have adopted a uniform program for the Mutual Associations of that stake, which they are carrying out in all the ward conferences. In the wards where the program has already been given, unusual interest was manifest, and the attendance was large. They are convinced, the report states, "that these programs are a splendid aid to the M. I. A. work of Ogden stake." They hold their meeting on the evening of the Sunday that ward conference is held, and the entire ward membership is invited. The program, which takes approximately one and one-half hours, follows:

1. Opening Exercises.
2. Sustaining of Officers.
3. Presidents' Report—Joint, either Y. M. or Y. L.—3 minutes.
4. Song, "Boy Scouts of America" (July, 1925, *Era*)—Boy Scouts,

5. "Ruth, the Gleaner" (September, 1925, *Journal*)—Senior Girls.
6. Song, "Spirit of the Hive" (*Bee-Hive Handbook*)—Bee-Hive Girls.
7. Three-minute Talk, "The Home"—Member of the Advanced Seniors.
8. Special Musical Number.
9. "The Young Man and His Vocation, a Practical Course,"—Member of M Men Class.
10. "Why We Bring Flowers to the House of Worship—A Junior Girl. (Chapel to be decorated by Junior Girls' class.)
11. Five-Minute Talk, "The Reality of Mutual Improvement as Manifested Here Tonight"—Stake Board Member.
12. Short Scripture Reading and Slogan.
13. Closing Song.
14. Benediction.

Prevent Slump Time in M. I. A.

Superintendent W. H. Bingham, of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Oneida stake, Preston, Idaho, has sent a comparative report for January, 1926, to every ward in his stake. The showing is good, one ward, Glencoe, having 100%, and the Fourth ward having 98%. Two wards did not report. The average of the stake is 90 points. In a note at the close of the report, the superintendent instructs the presidents and other officers of his associations—a very good example for other superintendents throughout the Church:

"Spring time is usually slump time in M. I. A. What are you going to do to keep up your interest and the interest of your M. I. A. membership? You teach your scouts to be prepared, and surely if each of us is prepared, it is very likely our interest will be kept up and our accomplishments good. If you haven't done so, please read pages 116-117 of the February *Era*, 1926. It may change your, or someone's, mind as to whom we work for in this Church. After all, it is ourselves, and we should appreciate the opportunity we have to serve and not expect thanks. Mutually yours, W. H. Bingham, Superintendent."

In this connection, we desire to state that the general officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. set a great value on the work being done by the organizations throughout the Church, and they express thanks to the Lord, our God, for the devout labor that is being done in his cause, and are full of appreciation for the zealous efforts of the faithful brethren in all divisions of our work. The General Board trusts that the interest will be kept up, and centered in the activities of the annual M. I. A. conference to be held in June.

For Sale For \$2

This is how they placed the current volume of the *Era* before the people of Vernal in the Uintah stake, judging from the contents for 1924-25. They might have added 250 beautiful illustrations of people and places, foreign and domestic, with nearly all the articles bearing on essential points in the character and activities of youth.

One hundred twenty-three good poems.

Forty-four good stories.

Eighty sermons and addresses by leaders of the Church and professors at various universities and colleges.

Fifty items on current Mutual work, instructions for the development of our young people, and giving honorable mention to those who have done something worth while.

Twelve items, giving out instructions to the priesthood, such as outlining lessons, instructions to ward teachers, and any changes made in heads of departments.

Five songs, selected.

One hundred twenty-three mission messages, coming from every nation, and from every state in our nation.

Twelve editorials on current topics.

Forty miscellaneous selections covering that many subjects by professors.

Sixteen sermons from the Apostles.

Sixty-three gems of thought.

Three hundred twenty-three passing events—all important news items.

(A total of 891 articles and items.)



DR. FISCHER WITH THE OLDEST AND THE
YOUNGEST SCOUT

Dr. George J. Fischer, Deputy Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America, of New York, was a recent visitor in Salt Lake City, where he gave a scout radio talk, and other scout addresses. He is here shown standing between the oldest scout and the youngest scout of the Salt Lake Council. The oldest scout is Hyrum T. Spencer, a pioneer of 1847, and the youngest is Scout Richard Ward of Troop 20. Mr. Spencer is 91 years of age; Scout Ward is 12. Scout Ward is just entering scouting.

When Mr. Spencer was 12 he was just entering the Salt Lake valley driving a yoke of oxen. That was 79 years ago. Scouting in those days was genuine adventure. "Spencer Lodge," the boy scout home in Pleasant Green, was named in his honor because of a gift to the Oquirrh district.

He was born November 13, 1835, at West Stockbridge, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, and came to Utah in 1847, in Daniel Spencer's company. His father and sister died in the camps while journeying from Nauvoo to Council Bluffs. He and other boys drove loose stock when the buffaloes were so plentiful on the plains that it was difficult for the ox trains to pass through the herds. The company arrived in Salt Lake valley September 23, 1847, where the family of Spencer lived in the fort for the winters. In the fall of 1848, while Hyrum was hauling corn fodder from the farm to the city, he was thrown from his wagon into a ditch and run over by one of the wagon wheels, which crushed him and injured him most terribly. A doctor was summoned, and after examining the boy said it would be impossible for him to live till morning, and the doctor refused to dress the wounds, saying that such an act would only add more misery to the boy. His skull was badly crushed and his jaw bone was broken in several places. President Brigham Young came into the house and ordered the doctor who was again sent for, to dress the wounds, saying that the boy should live and not die; furthermore, that he should live longer than the doctor himself. In March, 1857, he married Mary Barr Young, who bore him five children, four of whom are now living. Early in 1857, he went to the Devil's Gate on the plains to bring some goods left there the previous Fall by a hand-cart company. In 1859 and 1860, he made two trips to the States for freight. At home he has been very active. For twelve years he was school trustee, president of the Utah and Salt Lake Canal Company for four years, and a director in that company for fifteen years. He owns business and agricultural property in Garfield and Magna, and, although 91 years old, is still an active scout in taking care of his interests. In 1857, he was sent as one of the seven men who watched the movement of Johnston's army, as a scout, until they arrived at Fort Bridger. In 1858, he went with General Burton on an Indian expedition. At the point of the mountain at Garfield, for years, he kept a trading post and a camp house for overland travelers. The site is now covered by the tailings from the Utah Copper mills. He tells a story of being able to detect an Indian stealing his way through camp in the night. He used to herd cattle on Antelope Island, Salt Lake.

M. I. A. Work in St. Johns, Missouri

Edward Braby reports to President Samuel O. Bennion, Independence, Jackson county, Missouri, that the work of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association of the St. Johns conference is progressing fairly. "Through the M Men's organization, we have interested five boys, non-members, through the basketball team which we organized some time ago. The eligibility rules for the team require that each young man shall attend at least three Mutual meetings out of the month. The Sunday School Basketball League, of which we are members, requires each to attend at least two meetings on Sunday each month. Three of the boys seem interested to the extent that they attend Sunday school and our regular Sunday evening services every Sunday. We take for lessons the regular M Men's outline for the entire Church; the subject being, "The Young Man and His Vocation." We have some very interesting discussions among the fellows. Our work is with the M Men, an organization for boys between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four. We have three more young men who expect to join the class next Wednesday. Our present enrollment consists of nine members and three visitors."

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, January, 1926

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Adv. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Adv. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Adv. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Adv. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Alpine	1000	18	18	145	131	295	424	995	128	77	141	226	272	272	
Bear River	476	13	10	86	114	115	29	96	440	60	73	49	14	53	249
Beaver	309	5	3	29	76	51	53	209	25	62	36	50	173	173	
Benson	562	13	12	99	158	202	40	266	765	70	82	101	14	162	429
Box Elder	638	13	13	84	258	157	53	289	841	75	81	79	31	191	457
Cache	520	8	8	76	36	175	186	473	66	40	84	122	312	312	
Carbon	590	10	5	45	76	55	8	79	263	31	45	27	4	50	157
Cottonwood	717	10	10	103	115	256	8	291	773	78	45	120	3	185	431
Deseret	471	12	12	106	187	160	17	141	611	68	97	79	13	80	337
Emery	508	9	9	69	51	136	253	509	59	38	95	171	363	363	
Ensign	948	8	8	85	153	292	98	269	897	73	75	146	65	219	578
Garfield	278	8	5	37	40	32	53	162	23	25	30	9	22	109	109
Granite	850	9	9	107	106	257	122	261	853	82	56	165	78	179	560
Grant	1192	14	11	113	77	258	91	303	842	98	70	148	57	222	595
Gunnison	288	7	5	33	52	86	16	61	248	27	18	38	8	22	113
Hyrum	517	10	4	32	51	70	17	52	222	21	23	45	10	24	123
Jordan	1011	16	12	106	186	218	17	294	821	82	70	113	10	186	461
Juab	333	5	5	43	94	89	127	353	30	48	41	98	217	217	
Kanab	215	6	6	39	63	46	99	247	34	26	18	71	149	149	
Kolob	390	5	5	40	61	117	123	341	34	35	80	93	242	242	
Liberty	1350	12	12	142	234	309	228	309	1222	116	175	209	156	249	905
Logan	616	11	11	116	82	187	266	651	84	43	115	156	398	398	
Millard	344	8	6	40	59	60	19	76	254	37	43	28	15	51	174
Mount Ogden	638	8	8	82	87	119	36	178	502	66	61	72	22	127	348
Nebo	475	9	8	57	89	115	10	162	433	36	54	70	7	102	269
North Davis	460	7	6	57	76	104	35	120	392	44	33	41	15	69	202
North Sanpete	717	10	10	90	77	203	59	211	640	59	41	112	22	167	401
North Weber	640	13	12	93	58	121	17	214	503	77	45	62	17	120	321
Ogden	845	10	10	97	123	229	60	254	763	70	61	119	22	154	426
Oquirrh	462	5	5	55	88	109	30	145	427	42	22	43	14	69	190
Palmyra	475	8	8	65	113	195	36	219	628	49	41	79	23	89	281
Panguitch	261	6	5	45	84	79	38	78	324	36	51	43	22	43	195
Parowan	495	8	8	53	137	116	42	100	448	39	59	54	22	45	219
Pioneer	766	10	10	74	80	160	37	207	558	55	40	76	20	146	337
St. George	680	15	9	82	177	117	94	87	557	50	104	90	43	58	345
Salt Lake	1078	13	13	134	168	210	55	380	947	98	90	116	24	251	579
San Juan	162	4	4	35	56	70	52	67	280	27	39	49	27	57	199
Sevier	366	6	6	56	82	126	83	68	415	46	49	72	57	42	266
South Sevier	200	8	7	60	50	43	10	54	217	36	37	27	55	155	155
Summit	467	12	12	70	86	101	9	134	400	51	54	51	6	53	215
Tintic	265	5	4	31	81	31	18	92	253	18	45	14	4	57	138
Tooele	398	10	7	49	81	104	12	122	368	38	44	24	3	48	157
Uintah	205	10	10	58	110	124	26	120	438	56	78	82	26	74	316
Utah	1100	15	15	134	100	270	61	311	876	70	67	170	45	223	575
Wasatch	383	9	9	70	134	127	194	525	57	89	82	160	388	388	
Weber	667	8	8	76	106	114	224	520	55	45	78	153	331	331	
Bannock	242	8	6	64	79	60	55	258	50	47	43	41	181	181	
Bear Lake	363	11	11	82	84	123	32	110	431	57	51	71	13	70	262
Blackfoot	514	13	11	101	136	117	65	99	518	79	95	70	43	64	351
Blaine	223	4	4	40	70	59	44	213	35	62	41	31	169	169	
Boise	364	8	7	75	61	49	4	69	258	70	49	35	3	70	227
Burley	324	9	7	46	104	66	28	75	319	36	62	34	13	37	182
Cassia	171	6	6	47	69	24	24	58	222	29	53	14	12	34	142
Curlew	125	10	5	30	41	27	40	138	20	20	17	31	88	88	
Franklin	420	11	11	112	93	111	95	167	467	55	48	57	112	272	272
Fremont	657	14	14	118	232	199	48	186	783	85	176	132	33	129	555

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Adm. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Adm. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Adm. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Adm. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total	
Idaho	203	11	6	43	63	26	14	29	175	27	31	8	4	14	84
Lost River	128	4	4	27	43	31	43	144	19	25	20	25	93	299	
Malad	331	8	8	78	89	111	118	396	58	77	71	20	12	113	
Minidoka	223	8	5	36	65	43	27	22	193	24	26	31	8	93	248
Montpelier	367	13	13	74	98	68	10	169	419	52	50	45	108	258	
Oneida	354	11	9	87	91	62	111	351	41	68	41	31	103	318	
Pocatello	524	10	9	82	92	110	32	176	492	60	56	68	12	179	
Portneuf	258	9	8	57	61	31	17	66	232	48	41	21	27	120	
Raft River	160	8	8	54	83	46	51	234	36	38	19	11	86	322	
Rigby	520	13	12	100	132	101	20	138	491	73	88	64	12	89	
Teton	315	7	5	25	24	31	10	28	118	18	24	21	41	137	
Twin Falls	168	6	5	45	47	32	63	187	38	30	28	52	201		
Yellowstone	370	10	9	68	111	85	106	370	48	64	37	37	101	401	
Alberta	381	11	11	96	142	146	54	146	584	75	101	87	46	237	
Lethbridge	223	9	8	66	88	77	33	73	337	56	61	47	8	172	685
Los Angeles	526	17	17	152	180	290	11	221	854	126	149	230	24	111	353
Maricopa	411	8	8	75	135	124	40	155	529	63	80	75	31	46	217
Moapa	191	8	7	59	88	73	51	70	341	39	60	41	25	93	364
St. Joseph	427	15	12	103	174	158	40	160	635	67	91	88	24	46	169
Snowflake	290	10	7	37	80	32	48	67	264	28	47	24	70	244	
Star Valley	359	11	11	92	75	118	110	395	58	41	75	24	53	299	
Taylor	336	6	6	74	99	129	38	81	421	56	82	84	6	32	147
Union	183	7	6	32	106	22	11	48	219	18	75	16	67	302	
Woodruff	435	9	9	74	170	126	16	130	516	51	109	65	10	29	327
N. W. States	298	22	21	88	177	62	21	39	387	71	154	57	16	720	
Calif. Mission	1046	33	31	204	382	224	71	165	1046	163	243	148	58	108	720

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, January, 1926

STAKES	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Monthly Joint Programs	"Era"	Fund	Monthly State and Ward Officers' Migs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Alpine	10	6	8	9	9	9	10	6	10	8	85
Bear River	9	6	8	7	9	10	9	9	10	9	86
Beaver	7	10	7	5	10	10	9	10	10	10	88
Benson	10	6	8	6	6	9	10	7	9	8	79
Box Elder	10	5	9	7	6	10	9	9	10	10	85
Cache	9	10	10	10	10	10	8	5	10	10	92
Carbon	4	6	10	3	3	5	3	2	5	5	46
Cottonwood	10	6	10	7	10	10	10	10	8	8	89
Deseret	10	6	9	8	7	10	10	10	6	10	86
Emery	10	10	9	9	10	6	9	5	10	10	88
Ensign	9	6	10	10	10	10	7	5	10	10	87
Garfield	6	8	10	6	4	8	10	2	9	10	73
Granite	10	7	10	10	10	10	8	5	10	10	90
Grant	7	10	8	8	8	8	7	6	8	8	78
Gunnison	10	5	4	1	7	7	6	5	7	6	64
Hyrum	4	5	10	10	10	10	10	8	9	10	86
Jordan	8	6	8	6	6	8	8	6	8	8	72
Juab	10	6	8	8	8	10	10	8	10	9	87
Kanab	10	6	10	10	10	10	8	9	10	10	93
Kolob	9	10	10	10	10	10	9	8	10	10	96
Liberty	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	99
Logan	10	6	10	9	9	10	9	8	10	8	89

STAKES	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Monthly Joint Programs	"Era"	Fund	Monthly State and Ward Officers' Mtgs	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Millard	7	10	8	5	4	8	8	6	8	8	72
Mount Ogden	8	10	10	8	8	10	10	10	10	10	94
Nebo	9	6	8	7	7	9	7	5	9	7	74
North Davis	9	5	10	10	8	10	10	8	10	10	90
North Sanpete	9	6	10	10	9	9	8	7	7	8	83
North Weber	8	6	8	10	4	10	10	10	10	10	86
Ogden	9	5	10	10	8	10	8	7	10	8	85
Oquirrh	9	5	10	10	8	10	10	8	10	10	90
Palmyra	10	4	7	10	9	9	10	10	8	8	85
Panguitch	10	6	10	9	4	10	9	7	2	9	76
Parowan	9	5	9	4	5	9	3	8	8	5	65
Pioneer	7	6	9	7	9	10	7	7	10	9	81
St. George	8	6	6	4	4	10	7	4	---	9	58
Salt Lake	9	6	10	8	10	10	8	10	10	10	88
San Juan	10	10	8	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	93
Sevier	10	6	10	9	6	10	10	10	9	10	90
South Sevier	10	10	10	10	8	10	9	10	7	6	90
Summit	9	5	7	4	3	9	6	10	8	7	68
Tintic	10	5	8	8	4	8	8	6	5	6	68
Tooele	9	4	7	5	5	7	6	5	4	6	58
Uintah	10	10	10	5	7	10	6	1	10	8	77
Utah	8	7	10	10	10	10	6	7	10	9	87
Wasatch	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	10	9	9	96
Weber	8	6	10	7	9	10	7	7	9	10	83
Bannock	10	10	10	---	---	10	10	5	10	10	75
Bear Lake	10	6	9	6	7	10	10	9	7	8	82
Blackfoot	10	10	8	6	8	10	8	8	10	10	88
Blaine	10	10	10	8	3	10	8	5	10	10	84
Boise	7	10	9	5	6	8	7	4	8	8	72
Burley	10	6	7	6	7	7	8	5	8	8	72
Cassia	10	6	10	8	8	10	10	10	10	9	91
Curlew	10	6	8	2	6	8	10	10	10	7	77
Franklin	10	6	10	10	5	10	10	9	10	10	90
Fremont	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Idaho	9	5	7	5	7	10	8	10	7	8	76
Lost River	10	6	10	2	6	10	8	5	10	8	75
Malad	10	10	10	9	7	7	10	10	10	9	92
Minidoka	9	6	8	10	5	8	5	5	8	7	71
Montpelier	10	6	8	5	6	9	9	7	6	6	72
Oneida	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	9	10	4	91
Pocatello	9	6	8	10	8	8	7	10	6	8	80
Portneuf	10	10	6	1	---	10	9	8	8	5	67
Raft River	10	5	10	---	3	8	10	10	4	4	64
Rigby	9	7	8	8	8	10	9	9	10	9	87
Teton	4	10	2	---	---	8	9	9	6	3	51
Twin Falls	10	10	10	8	7	8	6	7	8	7	81
Yellowstone	10	5	10	7	7	10	10	10	10	8	87
Alberta	10	10	10	3	9	10	9	10	10	10	91
Lethbridge	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	99
Los Angeles	10	10	10	8	9	10	9	9	10	10	95
Maricopa	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	99
Moapa	10	6	6	4	1	8	8	8	9	9	69
St. Joseph	10	6	8	10	7	9	9	10	8	9	86
Snowflake	8	9	10	8	2	10	9	8	8	10	82
Star Valley	10	10	10	6	6	10	8	9	6	7	82
Taylor	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Union	10	10	10	8	8	10	10	5	8	10	89
Woodruff	10	6	7	10	6	10	8	9	5	8	79
N. W. States	10	10	8	10	10	9	7	6	9	6	85
Calif. Mission	10	10	10	3	10	10	8	10	10	10	91

Passing Events

An extraordinary meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations on March 8, was decided on, Feb. 12, by the Council at Geneva, for the purpose of considering the application of Germany for membership.

President Heber J. Grant and his secretary, Joseph Anderson, returned home, Jan. 19, 1926, after spending a week and a half in California. While there, President Grant dedicated a L. D. S. chapel in Virginia City, near Long Beach.

The Teton Stake Tabernacle, Driggs, Idaho, was damaged by fire, Feb. 4, 1926. The blaze is supposed to have originated from an overheated furnace, and only the heroic work of the volunteer fire department and other citizens saved the building from destruction.

Temperance with reservations is the attitude of the Catholic church. That church, according to Cardinal O'Connell, applauds "voluntary abstinence" but opposes "compulsory prohibition." How would that rule work if applied to other laws? Stealing for instance?

Right Rev. Joseph F. Glass, Roman Catholic bishop of Salt Lake, died Jan. 26, 1926, at a hospital in Los Angeles, 55 years old. His body was sent to Salt Lake City where elaborate funeral services were held for three days in the Cathedral of the Madelene. His body was returned to California for burial.

Salt Lake City will become the great junction of airways, in western America, in the judgment of Major O. C. Morsley, vice-president of the Western Air Express. What Chicago was to the development of trans-continental railroad systems, Salt Lake City is to the present development in air transportation, Major Moseley says.

Mrs. Kate Toponce, Ogden, passed away Jan. 19, 1926, 78 years old. She was the widow of Alexander Toponce, and one of the first white children born in Utah, having first seen the light of day in the old fort, Salt Lake City, four months after the arrival of the first party of Brigham Young. She was born in November, 1847.

The allied occupation of the city of Cologne, in the Rhineland, came to an end on Jan. 31, 1926, after having lasted for seven years. Bells were ringing, throngs were cheering, and torches were burning, while the message of liberation was carried to the world on the wings of radio waves. Celebrations were held in every city, town and hamlet in the Rhineland.

Commander Ramon Franco completed his trip from Palos, in Spain, to Buenos Aires, in the Argentine Republic, Feb. 10, at 12:20 p. m., making the distance of 6,232 miles in 62 hours and 52 minutes, actual flying time. He received an enthusiastic welcome and many congratulations, including a message of gratitude and substantial recognition from the king of Spain.

The ancestral home of George Washington, which has stood in England for 200 years, arrived at Norfolk, Va., Feb. 9, 1926, packed in crates and so marked that it can be reconstructed at the birthplace of America's first president. The house had been taken apart and marked piece by piece. There were 15 cases of stone, 14 wooden beams and 350 tons of brick and stone work.

American adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice was approved by the U. S. Senate, Jan. 27, 1926, by a vote of 76 to 17. The vote was non-partisan, forty Republicans and thirty-six Democrats voting for, and fourteen Republicans, two Democrats and one Farmer-Labor

senator against. The two senators from Utah, Senator Reed Smoot and Senator Wm. H. King, voted in the affirmative.

Blood diseases are to be cured by a new method, according to successful experiments by Dr. Bergel of Berlin. His method consists in artificially increasing the number of leucocytes so that the "army of defense" is strong enough to deal with all invaders. This Dr. Bergel obtains by an organic extract taken from sick animals, which, injected into suffering bodies, create anti-bodies. His chief study has been of syphilitic spirochetes, which are composed of a fat shell and internal substances.

Colonel Wm. Mitchell is well treated by the President. As generally known he was convicted by a court martial of transgression of certain military rules, and sentenced to suspension for five years with loss of pay. In reviewing the proceedings, President Coolidge thought the loss of pay was too severe, so he modified the sentence to the extent of allowing the officer practically \$400 a month, while he is out of the service. Colonel Mitchell sent his resignation from the service to the President, Jan. 28, and on Jan. 29, it was announced that his resignation had been accepted.

Lead has been turned into mercury by scientists at the university of Amsterdam, according to a report in the *Scientific American*, dated Jan. 24, 1926. "The success of such experiments," says Orson D. Munn, editor and publisher of the *Scientific American*, "delights every physicist who is interested in the new science of atomic physics. Many scientists have been seeking to demonstrate that the only difference between the different elements lies in the number and arrangement of the electrons in their atoms. Transmutation is the best kind of evidence in support of the theory."

The work of breaking ground for the Federal bank building, corner of South Temple and State St., began on Jan. 25, 1926. Officials present included William Harmon, excavation contractor; H. M. Craft, assistant manager of the Salt Lake branch of the Federal Reserve bank of San Francisco; D. C. Young, Jr., architect; W. H. Hale, assistant cashier of the Federal Reserve bank at San Francisco; Ramm Hansen, architect; H. Tempest, Harry P. Poll, architect, and H. M. Walker, of the P. J. Walker company, construction manager employed by the Federal Reserve bank of San Francisco.

Cardinal Mercier, primate of Belgium, died at Brussels, Jan. 23, 1926. He became world famous during the war, on account of the patriotic stand he took against the invaders of the country. His principal interest in life since the war had been his work to bring the high church of England and the Roman Catholic church closer together, and although nothing of a concrete character was ever accomplished, he had not altogether lost hope of eventually realizing his aim. Desire Joseph Mercier was born at Braine l'Alleud in the year 1851, studied theology and philosophy, and became archbishop of Maline in 1906, and cardinal in 1907. He has published works on logic and psychology.

Mussolini, the Italian premier, succeeded in creating a ripple in European capitals, by a fiery speech in the chamber of deputies, Feb. 7, which is considered as a warning to Germany. Italy is trying to suppress the German language in South Tyrol. The Bavarian minister, Dr. Held, recently asked Germans to support the Tyrolians in their struggle for their language. To this Mussolini replied in part: "Fascist Italy can, if necessary, carry her flag beyond the Brennero frontier, but never backwards from where it flies now." Stresemann denied that the German government had carried on any agitation in South Tyrol, whereupon Mussolini replied by reiterating his charges, and threatening "reprisals," if necessary.

Wilhjalmar Stefanson, the famous Arctic explorer, lectured in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, Jan. 20, to a large and interested audience, on his experiences in the Polar regions. Contrary to the general impression re-

garding the climatic conditions in the high northern latitudes, the countries within the Arctic circle, the explorer said, have delightful summers with as much as from 80 to 100 degrees of heat, and winters less rigorous than for instance, Montana, or Siberia. There were forests, several kinds of large animals, and humming insects flittering from flower to flower. He also maintained that it is perfectly feasible to travel and live comfortably off the animals that inhabit the Arctic.

Civilization is in danger was the burden of an address delivered, Jan. 11, by the British Premier Stanley Baldwin at the meeting of the Classical Association. There came a time, he said, in the history of the Roman empire when there were not enough Romans to carry on the work of Rome. There were fears among those in responsible governments today that war, by the destruction of the best lives in such great numbers had left Britain without enough of her breed to carry on the work of the British empire. "Our task is hard enough, but it will be accomplished," he said. "Yet who in Europe does not know that one more war in the west and the civilization of ages will fall with as great a shock as that of Rome?"

The silver anniversary of the Alpine Stake was observed in the Tabernacle, American Fork, Jan. 20. Among the special visitors were President Heber J. Grant, Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith, Elder George Albert Smith, President Rudger Clawson, and Dr. George H. Brimhall. The members of the stake presidency, President Stephen L. Chipman and his counselors, James H. Clarke and Abel John Evans, were each presented with a large Bible, in recognition of their services the past 25 years. A banquet was held in the amusement hall with W. L. Hayes as toastmaster, and a general reception was held from 7:30 to 10 p. m., with Harriet R. Hayes in charge.

At Lehi all business houses were closed at 1 p. m., to enable those who desired to attend the anniversary at American Fork.

Edmund M. McLatchie, of Kaysville, Utah, passed away at his home there, Feb. 4, 1926, 83 years of age. An attack of asthma was the cause. He was born in County Down, Ireland, Oct. 23, 1842. His parents were members of the Church at the time of his birth, being among the first converts in Ireland. He spent his early youth in Birmingham, England, where he engaged in local missionary work. He emigrated to America in 1862, coming direct to Utah, walking the entire distance across the plains. He spent a number of years working on the Salt Lake temple and was one of the first settlers in Kanosh and Beaver. In 1886 he moved to Star valley, Wyo., where he also was one of the first settlers and where he remained until 1913, when he moved to Kaysville, where he had since resided. He is survived by a widow, five children and a large number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

The death of Dr. Harvey Coe Hullinger, at the home of his son, Winfield Hullinger, Vernal, Utah, Jan. 27, 1926, was announced on that date. He is said to have been, at the time of his death, the oldest practicing physician in Utah, and, possibly, the oldest member of the Church inasmuch as he was 101 years old. He was also the chief "medicine man" of the Indians in the Uinta basin, having received that position, when he attended Chief Wash and successfully treated him for pneumonia. Dr. Hullinger was born in Ohio, December 2, 1824, and graduated from a medical school at Columbus, Ohio, in 1852. In 1859 he came to Utah and settled near the mouth of Mill Creek canyon. He did odd jobs until he enlisted in the service. After the Civil War he took up his practice as a physician and established his home on Big Cottonwood. Later he moved to southern Utah, where he practiced his profession. A military funeral was held for the doctor Jan. 31. The American Legion was in charge. He is survived by two daughters, a son, twenty-three grandchildren, eighty-two great-grandchildren and thirty great-great-grandchildren.

Judge Edward Fenton Colbourn died at his home in Salt Lake City,

Jan. 14, after a week's illness of heart trouble. He was born at Modena, Ohio, practiced law in various places in Kansas and Colorado and came to Salt Lake City in 1888, and engaged in real estate business. Along about 1890 Mr. Colbourn purchased from Charles Popper the tract of land that is now known as Bonneville park, this being, old-timers say, the original Popper homestead. He named the tract "Popperton Place," and through extensive publicity and the expenditure of a large amount of money did much toward bringing about the modernizing of this section of the city, both in the matter of street improvements and the erection of desirable homes. He later disposed of his interests in this place to the Newhouse organization, and it became known as "Bonneville-on-the-Hill."

The first six converts in South America were baptized Sunday, Dec. 13, 1925, by Elder Melvin J. Ballard in the La Plata river, Buenos Aires, Argentine republic. According to Elder Rulon S. Wells, these baptisms are the first in South America since the days of the Nephites. The mayor, or Intendente, of Buenos Aires has assured Elder Ballard and his fellow-laborers, that there would be no interference with their labors from the government. The six baptized converts were Germans, having been converted by the efforts of one Brother Wilhelm Friedrichs and other members from the old country. Owing to serious illness Elder Wells was forced to leave Buenos Aires on Jan. 14, 1926, landing in New York on Feb. 1, and arriving in Salt Lake City on Feb. 6. His health was considerably better, and his many friends all hope that his health will be restored speedily.

Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Riter Young closed her mortal career, Jan. 19, 1926, at the family residence, Salt Lake City. She was born near Florence, Neb., June 3, 1847. Her parents were natives of Pennsylvania, and were of Quaker descent. Levi E. Riter, the father, and his wife, Rebecca Dilworth, with their children, crossed the plains in the company of Jedediah M. Grant, arriving in Salt Lake in September, 1847. Mrs. Young, as a baby, was carried across the plains, most of the way in the arms of her aunt, Maria Dilworth, later Mrs. George Nebeker. In 1867 Elizabeth Riter was married to Dr. Seymour B. Young and was the mother of twelve children, the following of whom survive: Seymour B. Young, Jr., Mrs. Melvin D. Wells, Mrs. Ada L. Arnold, Mrs. Orson M. Rogers, Mrs. J. T. Hammond, Jr., Levi Edgar Young, Clifford E. Young, Florence, Elma and Irene Young. One brother, Joseph B. Riter, also survives her.

Remnants of an ancient civilization in the Arabian desert are reported to have been found by explorers, and according to their reports, it was a civilization comparable to that of the Babylonians and Egyptians. Dr. Ditleff Nielsen, the Danish historian, is about to issue a report of several years of study of the subject. He says, in part: "The Austrian astronomer, Dr. Glaser, 25 years ago, returned after spending 12 years in the Arabian desert, living the life of the Bedouins; he brought home 2,000 specimens of inscriptions, statues, and gold and silver coins which he had found in the sand-covered ruins of ancient cities, temples and palaces, giving evidence that a highly cultured people had lived in those parts. For lack of the necessary financial support Dr. Glaser was unable to do the necessary research work; and his collections were sold in 1908 by his heirs to the Vienna academy." Since that time the Bavarian professor, Fritz Hommel, the Austrian archaeologist, Rhodokanakis and Dr. Nielsen have worked hard to decipher the mass of inscriptions and the culmination of their researches has been the revelation of evidences of a great old Arabian culture.

The anthracite coal strike was declared settled, in a dispatch from Philadelphia, Feb. 12, by an agreement between miners and operators. It is regarded as one of the greatest industrial struggles in the world's history of labor. Two million persons in the anthracite fields and near-by territory, including 150,000 mine workers, celebrated the event. The old wage scale, which expired last August, was readopted, but after Jan. 1, 1927,

either miners or operators will have the right at least once a year to propose wage changes. Arbitration, the principle which three times wrecked the peace negotiations, is provided for in the agreement if a dispute arises over wage adjustments, but it is only optional and is claimed by the union leaders to be a great victory for them. The word "shall," that has appeared in all the peace plans heretofore submitted by the operators in their arbitration offers, today was changed to "may." The strike has lasted since Sept. 1, 1925. The men went out because they were refused an additional 10 per cent increase in wages. It has been calculated that the loss to the miners was \$1,150,000 a day in wages alone, and the loss of production amounted to 266,000 tons a day.

Angus McKay—Funeral services for Patriarch Angus McKay, who died in Huntsville, Jan. 13, were held in the ward meeting house, Jan. 17, 1926; Bishop William R. McIntyre presiding. The speakers were: George Hunter, a missionary companion in Scotland; Patriarch Levi J. Taylor, a companion in settling Arizona; Joseph Ririe, of Mount Ogden stake presidency; Judge C. C. Richards, and Bishop McIntyre. Appropriate music was furnished by the singers of the ward. The grave, in the Huntsville cemetery, was dedicated by Patriarch Edward A. Olsen.



Elder McKay passed away in sleep. His whole life was devoted to energetic pioneering, agriculture, road building, educational and civic affairs in Utah and Arizona. He came from Edinburgh to New York in a company directed by Elder David M. Stewart, in 1863; and crossed the plains in the company of Thomas Ricks. He resided that winter with the family of Franklin D. Richards, and worked on the Salt Lake temple. He came to Ogden in 1864, working for the first few months on the road in Ogden canyon. In 1865, he purchased land in Huntsville. He helped to establish there the first free school in Utah, serving as trustee for nineteen years. For twenty-one years he served as Justice of the Peace. He was a member

of the second Utah State Legislature, serving as chairman of the committee on roads and bridges. He was an officer in the Sunday school for thirty-five years; became a Seventy in 1868, and was a member of the 75th quorum, serving for many years as one of its presiding officers. He was called by Brigham Young to Arizona in 1873, to colonize on the Little Colorado. This colony had to be abandoned, owing to lack of water; but in 1876, he returned and aided in building several irrigation ditches, and in founding the settlement of St. Joseph. In 1882, he filled a mission to the Southern states, presiding over the South Carolina conference; from there he was sent to Scotland, where he labored in his native shire, and in the Isle of Skye, and later presided over the Scottish mission. He was ordained a Patriarch in 1916. Thus, all his days, he was a faithful laborer in the Church, and in the development of the country.—M.

Gems from the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants is the title of a sixty-four page brochure by William A. Morton, 661 Wilmington Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah. This is a collection of gems, as stated, from the Book of Mormon and from the Doctrine and Covenants, on a variety of subjects of importance to the student of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith. It is a splendid collection for obtaining topics for addresses on gospel themes. The only criticism we have of the book is, that it has no index; a page or two of index would enhance its value very much. For sale at the Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple Street; the Seagull Press, 25 Richards Street; and at the residence of the author, 661 Wilmington Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah; price, 25c.

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HUMOROUS HINTS

(Contributions for this page of the *Era* solicited.)

A Sensible Change—

A painter entered the medical profession. A friend complimented him on the change, adding: "Your faults in painting could be discovered by the naked eye; now they will be hid."—D. C. R.

* * *

A Comely Reply—

"Johnny," said a sponging friend to the six-year-old son of the house, "what time are you going to have lunch?"

"Just as soon as you are gone," was the reply.—D. C. R.

YOUNG MEN

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The height of good luck is to see the speed cop have a puncture, just as he is about to catch you.—*Perrins.*

* * *

"Is he a reckless driver?"

"Well, he has ten notches on his steering wheel."—*Perrins.*

* * *

Habit—

A wholesale grocer, in signing a baptismal register of one of his children, wrote: "Henry Milton & Company." He noticed the error only when it was called to his attention by the pastor.—*D. C. R.*



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The furniture, the store, the organization are always ready, and fully prepared to render its patrons a broad, valuable service. The store is filled with the most complete and varied display of exceptional merchandise we have ever assembled. Reserved stocks crowd our warehouses to overflowing. No matter where you live, or what your home furnishing requirements may be, we are prepared to serve you, and at prices much lower than you would expect to pay.

Remember you always pay less at Dinwoodey's



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DINWOODEY'S

"GOOD FURNITURE"

She is so dumb she thinks the Golden Rule is made up of inches, instead of good actions.—*Glen Perrins.*

* * *

When some people cast their bread upon the waters, they expect it to return in the form of a hot dog.—*Glen Perrins.*

* * *

He is so broad minded, he is flat.—*Glen Perrins.*

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Let Keeley's pack your BOX LUNCHES for the train! Keeley's "Good Things to Eat"—Special Menus for Box Lunches—packed fresh—individually wrapped—and so economical—

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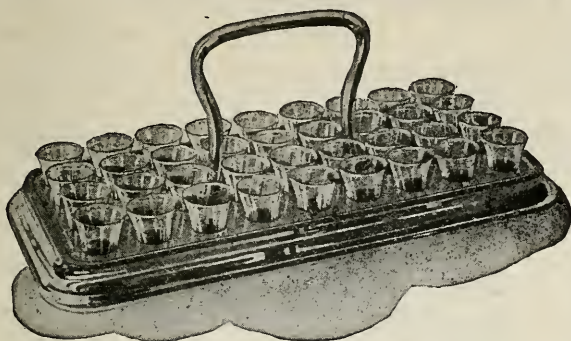
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Bishop's Office, Bern, Idaho, May 2, 1921.

"I am in receipt of the Individual Sacrament Set, consisting of four trays and the proper number of glasses.

"Everything arrived in good condition. We are very pleased with it. I take this occasion to thank you for your kindness."

BUREAU OF INFORMATION

Temple Block

Salt Lake City

BOOKS

Come Listen to a Prophet's Voice is a pamphlet of some twenty-six pages by Elder Joseph W. Booth, missionary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Aleppo, Syria, and president of the Armenian mission of the Church. Inside the cover is a picture of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and a quotation from the Book of Mormon, Moroni 10:4. The reader is told: "This invitation, to 'come' and 'listen,' is extended to you with unfeigned love and sincerity." The hymn, "Come, listen to a prophet's voice," follows, with arguments setting forth the restoration of the gospel in the latter days. The statements in the last two pages are entitled: "A few interrogative nuts to crack at your own hearthstone," and close with the declaration, "The truth is mighty and will prevail." The tract holds the interest and ought to do much good in the furtherance of the cause of the Lord in that country.

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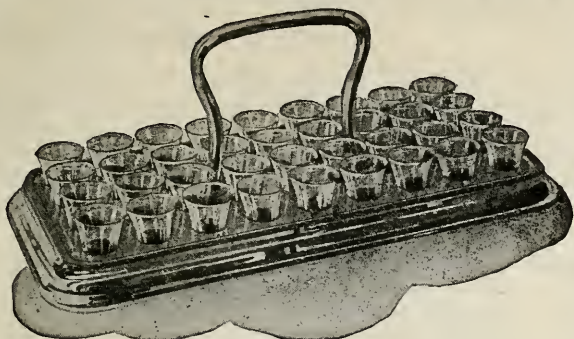
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